

1 READERS WIN 140 RUBBER SHARES.

WHY DON'T YOU GO TO CHURCH?

A prize is offered for the best answer to this question.

See inside, page 993.

PEARSON'S

— £2,000 —

Free Insurance.

WEEKLY

No. 1037.]

POSTAGE,
ONE PENNY.

REGISTERED FOR
TRANSMISSION TO CANADA.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 2, 1910.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

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THE BEST VALUE 10 FOR 2d.
CIGARETTES IN THE WORLD
Flavour perfect—absolute purity guaranteed
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'PARK DRIVES' ARE GROWING
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Just buy one packet to-day and try them.
Of tobacconists everywhere throughout the Kingdom.

My Biscuit is

PAT -A- CAKE

What's yours?

PEEK FREAN
LONDON

16

SAVED 25/-

(DO LIKEWISE)



Thanks
to
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RUBBER HEELS
& SHOE SHINES
I've SAVED
Two pairs of Boots
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And my Boots have never been
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WOOD-MILNE Ltd.,
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LETS THE HAIR GROW.

THAT'S the secret of its marvellous success. It lets the hair grow. No forcing, massaging, or other scalp gymnastics need be performed with "Vaseline" Hair Tonic. It lets the hair grow by removing all obstructions, by killing all harmful germ life. It penetrates the scalp, and gets right on to the roots of the choked-up follicles, and frees the tender hair, so that it can fight through. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is unlike any other preparation offered for the hair. It is a real hair food, and is to the hair what sunlight is to plant life. It is both a skin and hair food. "Vaseline" Hair Tonic is a liquid preparation of Petroleum: delicately perfumed, and is absolutely under all circumstances. It is the Best Hair Tonic because it removes the actual source of trouble to the scalp and lets the hair grow. Sold in bottles. Prices 1/-, 2/-, and 3/- per bottle. If not obtainable locally, a trial bottle will be sent, Post Free, to any address in the United Kingdom upon receipt of Postal Order. **NOTE**—A descriptive pamphlet, explaining the uses of all the "Vaseline" Preparations, will be sent post free on application.

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MY WORD! KEATING'S KILLS

TINS

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FLEAS BEETLES MOTHS

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PHYSICAL CULTURE.—Thoroughly practical information on physical culture for training and general health is given in "Modern Physical Culture," by C. Lang Neil. All the modern systems are illustrated. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

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SPEECHES.—Those to whom it is necessary to make a speech occasionally and find a difficulty in doing so, will find "Speeches for all Occasions," by an Oxford M.A., just the book they want. Post free for 1/2 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STRENGTH: How Lost: How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of 4 penny stamps by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

HOW TO KEEP FIT.—A "One Minute" Daily Exercise Card, containing 50 Photographs and full instructions, can be supplied post free for Ninepence, from The Publisher, 18 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. **INVEST 9d. & KEEP FIT.**

ASTROLOGY.—Your future important events foretold. Marriage, Partner described, Business, Speculation, Changes, Legacies, Lucky Days, Planet, &c. Sent birth-date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Madame Marion, 4 Robertson Avenue, Edinburgh.

ETIQUETTE FOR MEN.—A book setting forth in simple style full and accurate direction for the due observance of modern modes and manners for men, is "Etiquette for Men," by G. R. M. Devereux. It may be had, post free, for 1/2 from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

YOU can earn 1/- an hour.—Full particulars of employment, apply E. 89 Aldersgate Street, London.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT.—Call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Actual Manufacturers, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years).

SLEIGHT OF HAND TRICKS.—A few simple conjuring tricks are always useful in the after-dinner interval. You can learn a number of effective tricks which need little or no apparatus with very little trouble by studying "After-Dinner Sleights and Pocket Tricks," by C. Lang Neil. Send 1/2 to A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

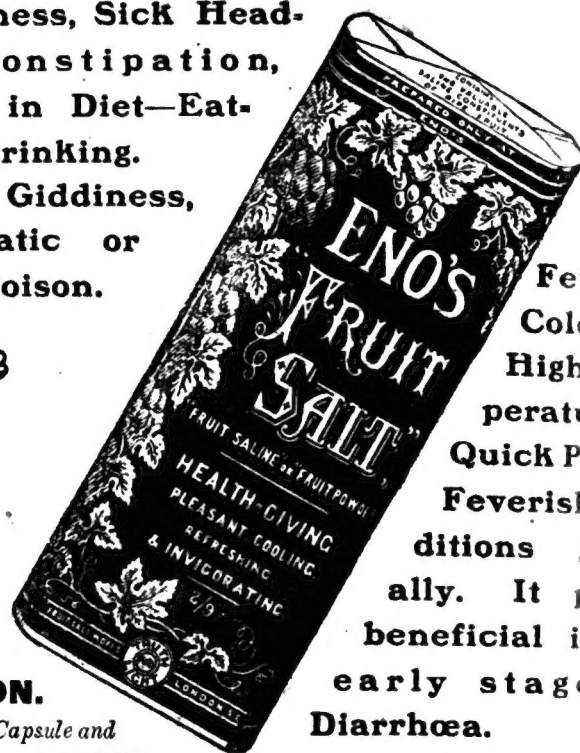
POULTRY KEEPING.—Those who would like full instructions as to the keeping, breeding, and rearing of poultry for both pleasure and profit may find it in "Poultry Keeping, and How to Make it Pay," by F. E. Wilson, which may be had, price 1/2, post free, from A. F. Sower, Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

There is no simpler, safer, or more agreeable preparation

'ENO'S FRUIT SALT

THE OLD TIME, EVER-POPULAR HOUSEHOLD
REMEDY FOR

Biliousness, Sick Head-
ache, Constipation,
Errors in Diet—Eat-
ing or Drinking.
Thirst, Giddiness,
Rheumatic or
Gouty Poison.



Fever
Cold
High
perature
Quick Pul-
se
Feverish
conditions
ally. It pro-
beneficial in
early stages
Diarrhoea.

CAUTION.

Examine the Capsule and
see that it is marked ENO'S
'FRUIT SALT,' otherwise you
have the sincerest form of flattery.
—IMITATION.

IT IS MOST VALUABLE TO
TRAVELLERS, ESPECIALLY
IN HOT COUNTRIES.

The 'Stormproof' Umbrella For Ladies

With elegant Hall-marked, Silver-topped handle,
tubular stem, and long-wearing cover.

HALF THE USUAL SHOP PRICE.

Don't spoil your appearance by
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The "Stormproof" is the
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3' POST-FREE

Make
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It is
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BEST and PUREST
LARGEST SALE IN

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WHEN OUT OF SORTS

the wisest course is undoubtedly to take Beecham's Pills. By so doing you call to your aid one of the most reliable curative agents known, and ensure a speedy and natural recovery. The "out of sorts" condition being almost always due to a derangement of the digestive organs, it is obvious that what is required is a medicine that can successfully deal with all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels. If you

TAKE

Beecham's Pills you lay the foundation of good sound robust health and incidentally remove the "out of sorts" condition. The immediate effect of these pills is to put the digestion thoroughly in order and when once this is achieved perfect health cannot fail to follow. Unlike the merely temporary effects of stimulants, a permanent exhilaration that springs from steady nerve force results from taking

BEECHAM'S PILLS.

Beecham's Pills are specially suitable for Females of all ages.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

PEARSON'S

TO INTEREST
TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE. WEEKLY.

No. 1037.

TRANSMISSION AT
BOOK RATES.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 2, 1910.

ENTERED AT
STATIONERS' HALL.

ONE PENNY.



MORE RUBBER SHARES FOR NOTHING.

Another TRIPLES Contest.

120 RUBBER SHARES IN PRIZES.

No Entrance Fee.

You Can All Compete.



RESULT OF CONTEST No. 1.

We have pleasure in giving the result of our first "Triples" contest. Entries were very numerous, and the competition was very close. The Triples ultimately selected as the best by the adjudicators, together with the names and addresses of the fourteen senders, to each of whom a prize of ten rubber shares has been awarded, are as follows:

O. C. H.—*Optimists' Capital—Hope.*
WALTER GORDON, 50 Butler Road, Harrow.
C. M. H.—*Home's Charm—Mother.*
ROBT. SPEIGHT, Stock Mill, Ingatstone, Essex.
A. R. E.—*Rarely admitted—Errors.*
R. J. DAWSON, 37 Wright Street, Egremont, Ches.
P. R. D.—*Principality reveres "David."*
GEORGE WATKINS, Clematis Cottage, Malvern.
W. H. R.—*Retiring habits—Welshers.*
GEORGE WILLIAMS, 204 Peckham High Street, S.E.
W. H. R.—*Honeymooners relish wildernesses.*
MRS. LUCY, 60 West Street, Horsham.
B. E. L.—*Lawsuits easily begin.*
P. CHITTY, 18 Holmesdale Road, South Teddington.
A. R. E.—*Romance—Earl, Actress.*
CHARLES E. WHITE, 37 Dames Road, Forest Gate.
O. C. H.—*Cricketers hate O's.*
H. GOODYEAR, 223 Portland Street, Southport.
T. O. W.—*Tongues—our weapons.*
MRS. H. GOATMAN, Police Station, Harborne, Birmingham.
T. O. W.—*Overcarefulness wastes time.*
A. H. WARREN, 46 Polwarth Gardens, Glasgow.
I. L. S.—*Sweethearts invent language.*
MISS V. CHRISTIE, 5 Westburn Drive, Aberdeen.
P. R. D.—*Dressmakers rile pickpockets.*
G. A. SEALEY, "Staff," E. District Post Office, London.
B. E. L.—*Love empties bank-book.*
M. E. M'KENNA, Main Street, Borrisokane, Ireland.

TRIPLES AND HOW TO MAKE THEM.

This week we are again offering 120 fully paid up Rubber Shares as prizes in our free "Triples" competition.

To make a "Triple" you take one of the three sets of three letters given below and think out three words which begin with the same letters as those of the set you have chosen. These initial letters may be used in any order you like. The words thought out should form a sentence or phrase in themselves. This sentence or phrase is called a "Triple," and to each of the twelve senders of the best "Triples" we propose to award a prize of ten fully paid up Rubber Shares.

Here is an example which will show you at a glance how to make Triples.

Supposing you are given the letters, T. B. A. Using these letters as initials you may make the following sentences or phrases: Trade Brightens Africa, Britons Always True, or Alliances Bolster Treaties.

In this week's competition the sets of letters from which we want you to make Triples are:

H. D. C.

R. O. G.

B. W. T.

SOMETHING IN IT.

WHITTY, the amateur photographer, wanted an empty bottle in which to mix a solution, and went to a chemist's to purchase one.

Selecting one that answered his purpose, he asked the shopman how much it would cost.

"Well," was the reply, "if you want the empty bottle it will be a penny, but if you want anything in it you can have it for nothing."

"That's fair," said the photographer; "put in a cork."

BRIDEGROOM (a week after the wedding): "I haven't seen anything of your father's £500 cheque yet. He promised it, didn't he?"

Bride: "Yes, but he heard that your father had already given us one, and he knew we shouldn't care to have duplicate presents."

AND AGAIN!

A RECRUIT was being shown the use of the rifle, and, after firing seven shots at the target, which all missed, the instructor, in a rage, shouted—

"Here is another cartridge. Go behind that waggon and shoot yourself."

In a few minutes the recruit came back from behind the waggon and announced:

"I'm sorry, sir, but it's another miss."

DOBSON: "What are you going to do with that old motor-tyre?"

Bobson: "Hang it over the door."

DOBSON: "Goodness! Whatever for?"

Bobson: "Just for luck; you see, horseshoes are out of fashion now!"

THE SILVER LINING.

It was not always possible for Mrs. Leahy, from her permanent station at the washtub, to appreciate the silver lining which Mr. Leahy continually discovered in every cloud, and pointed out to her.

"I've lost me job, Nora," he said, cheerfully, the other day; "but this is the time you ought to be thankful I'm not as smart as some people."

"Why should I be thankful for that?" inquired Mrs. Leahy, pausing for an instant to wipe her glistening forehead with her damp apron.

"Tis aisy seen," and her husband gazed tolerantly at her from his comfortable chair by the stove. "If I was Terry Dolan now, and out of me job, I'd be lesin' eight shillings a day instead of six shillings. You think o' that, me darlin', an' 'twill put the heart into you, same as it has into me."

THE SMALLHOLDER teaches such subjects as these: Fruit farming, pig rearing, the keeping of bees.

The World's Best Stories

Told Week by Week.

The Earl Marshal.

THE Duke of Norfolk, in his capacity as Hereditary Earl Marshal, has been very busy these last weeks attending to the thousand and one details connected with the burial of our beloved late ruler.

The Duke is very careless in matters appertaining to dress, as was shown by the story which appeared in this page not long ago. Here is another anecdote which further illustrates this characteristic.

On one occasion he entertained an excursion party at his magnificent Sussex home, Arundel Castle. A little while before dinner one of the women of the party noticed a dark and somewhat straggly bearded man, wearing a soft felt hat and a short jacket, walking across a lawn on which stood a notice requesting people to keep off the grass.

"Come off the grass!" cried the woman. "It is the likes of you that get poor people a bad name. Can't you see it's forbidden?"

Headless of the remonstrance the "man" went on, and the woman's dismay when she saw him presiding at the dinner, and observed that he was the Duke, may be imagined.

The Polite Electors.

CAPTAIN THE HON. F. E. GUEST is one of the most unlucky of present-day politicians. During the past five years he has made several attempts to enter Parliament, and he had the misfortune to lose two seats that were regarded as safe. And now, when he has been at last successful, there comes a successful petition to unseat him.

During one of his contests his supporters issued a poster, "Welcome the Coming Guest," to which his opponents replied, "Don't forget your manners. Speed the parting Guest and vote for Blank." Which the electors did.

Hall Caine's Autograph.

MR. HALL CAINE, who has recently been undergoing the novelty of cross-examination in the Law Courts, is perhaps the most popular English novelist, but on one occasion he met a fellow writer who had to confess that he had never read any of his books.

It was during one of Mr. Caine's visits to the United States, when, at a banquet given in his honour, Thomas Nelson Page, the American author, had been asked to introduce the guest of the evening.

Just before the toasts began one of the diners passed his menu card round the table with the request that Mr. Caine would sign his autograph upon it as a memento of the occasion.

"Good idea," said Nelson Page, "I'll send my card along also. I've got to introduce Hall Caine in a few minutes, and I want to be able to say that I have read something he has written."

Burning Water.

WHEN Paulhan descended at Lichfield on his wonderful London to Manchester flight, people from all parts went to see his aeroplane, going there on horses, motor-cars, and bicycles.

When the time arrived to return, a cyclist found that his acetylene lamp required some water, and pulling up at a cottage near by, he asked the old lady who came to the door if she could oblige him with some water for his lamp.

The good dame looked positively amazed, and after regarding him steadfastly for some seconds she cried out: "Deary me, whatever'll become of us next? This evening a man flies arl the way from London in a airship, and now 'ere's another as wants water to burn in 'is lamp!"

Who Owns the Air?

THE Wright brothers have done a great service to aviation, but they zealously guard their patents. In fact, some people think that the Wrights believe they own the air. Speaking "in lighter vein" of the famous brothers, Mr. Glenn H. Curtiss says:

"Possibly you haven't heard about the conversation that was overheard between them at their Dayton plant?"

"Orville," cried Wilbur, running out of doors, excitedly, "look! Here's another aviator using our patent!"

"He certainly is!" shouted Orville. "That's our simultaneous warping and steering movement to a T!"

"Get an injunction!" screamed Wilbur.

"But Orville, who had looked through his binoculars, put his hand on his brother's arm.

"Come back to your work, Wilbur," he said. "It's a duck."

A Prosperous Prison.

THE governor of a German prison has just been decorated by the Emperor with the "order of a coloured eagle of middle class." Full of joy and pride, he assembled all his subordinates, gaolers, clerks, and prisoners, and delivered the following speech, which has gone the round of the German Press:

"My dear friends, His Imperial Majesty has graciously deigned to honour me with an order, but I know very well that this mark of favour is not meant for me only, but for you all, you who are my devoted and industrious collaborators. Let us push on with our common task; since my arrival here, the number of prisoners, which was formerly four hundred, has increased to seven hundred. This is encouraging, but we can do better, and I hope we shall soon be able to report further progress. Until then, thanks to all."

A Bit Out.

FEW men in public life have furnished material for so many anecdotes as Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, the ex-President of the United States, who this month was to have received the Freedom of the City, but owing to the King's death has had to postpone it.

Colonel Roosevelt was once shown a picture of himself during war. It showed him waving a sword and dashing uphill on horseback, in one of his fights in Cuba.

"Is it a good picture?" he was asked.

"Ye-es," he replied. "It's all right except that my sword is still wrapped up in a bundle in Tampa, and I didn't ride a horse. Otherwise it's all right."

The Fire-Escape.

ADMIRAL SIR EDWARD SEYMOUR, who has just retired because he has passed the age limit, like most sailors, can tell several good yarns.

While strolling round Portsmouth Dockyard one day he came upon a party of visitors gazing at some models, one of them, a young man, airing his naval knowledge by explaining the details of construction. The Admiral listened to these wonderful explanations without moving a muscle, and made no attempt to interfere.

Pointing to a companion ladder, one of the tourists asked the young man what it was for. "Oh, that's a ladder!" he said.

"But what's it for?" persisted the questioner.

The young man looked red, and then his eyes caught sight of the Admiral. "Perhaps you can explain?" he remarked loftily.

"Certainly," said Sir Edward gravely, without a tremor of the eyelid, "that's the fire-escape."

A Bad Start.

A COLOURED divine in one of the Southern States of America recently told Mr. Booker Washington of what, in his opinion, was the most extraordinary wedding ceremony he ever heard of.

"Have you no witnesses?" asked the officiating minister of a couple of negroes who had presented themselves for the performance of the marriage ceremony.

Both replied that they had not, expressing surprise that this formality was necessary.

"Where kin we git some witnesses?" asked the bride of the prospective groom, who, as well as herself, was a stranger in those parts.

"I'll go an' look around an' see," said the man.

"All right, Jim!" said the woman. "You go, an' I'll wait here till you gets back."

Jim then set out as desired, and after a long while returned with two young coloured women, one of whom was considerably younger than the bride. The parties were then properly arranged, and the clergyman was about to proceed with the ceremony, when suddenly the bridegroom exclaimed:

"Jest a minute, mister!"

"What is it now?" asked the minister.

"I was jest goin' to say dat, ef it's jest de same to you, I'd rather have that one," said the man, with a gesture towards the young witness.

"That's a remarkable decision to make at this stage of the proceedings," exclaimed the minister, amazed. "Isn't it a little late to talk of such a thing now?"

"Dat so, minister?" said the man, with a note of disappointment in his voice. Then, after a moment's pause, he added resignedly, "Oh, well, I s'pose yo' might as well go on wid the ceremony!"

A Prisoner's Honesty.

THE Paris Bar is laughing at the ruse of a youthful advocate who had to defend a man whose reputation was not of the best.

After much thought the counsel concluded that if he could produce documentary evidence of his client's honesty, all would be well, and to obtain an acquittal would mean much, as far as his future practice was concerned. Like most suspects, the client was penniless, so to produce the necessary evidence it was needful to provide the means.

The advocate gave his client a five-franc piece—about four shillings—and suggested that he should take it to the police and say he found it in the street, and thus obtain a receipt.

The client acquiesced, went to the police office, and returned with a receipt.

The advocate gave a cursory glance at the document, and tied it up with his brief, little thinking of the sequel.

On the day of the trial the young advocate relied entirely on the police receipt, and thus terminated his appeal to the jury.

"I have a document which shows that during the past week my client found a five-franc piece in the street, and without delay he took it to the police. Is that the act of a thief?"

Then he triumphantly handed the document to the President of the court. The judge examined it closely and asked:

"Was it five francs that he found?"

"Yes, Mr. President," was the reply. "I am quite sure as to that."

"But," said the President, "the receipt is for one franc only."

The court was convulsed, and the jury, appreciating either the ingenuity of counsel or the sharpness of his client, acquitted the "honest" knave.

The Odd Corner

The Editor will give one of the famous P.W. penknives to any reader who sends him a paragraph accepted for this column. If there is more than one sender of a paragraph used, the penknife will be awarded to the reader whose contribution was received first.

TO YOUNG MEN.

WHY is kissing your sweetheart like eating soup with a fork?

Solution below.

THINK OVER IT.

TEN men's length, ten men's strength, ten men can't rear it up, but you can carry it on your back. What is it?

Solution below.

NINE IN ONE.

HAVE you noticed this curious fact about the name "Pearson"? Without transposing any of the letters you can make seven words from it, or nine if you count plurals. Here they are: *Pea, pear, pears, car, cars, arson, so, son, and on.*

HER FIRST CAKE.

SHE measured out the butter with a very solemn air; The milk and sugar also, and she took the greatest care To count the eggs correctly, and to add a little bit Of baking-powder, which, you know, beginners oft omit. Then she stirred it all together, and she baked it for an hour, But she never quite forgave herself for leaving out the flour.

THE TREE TRICK.

Of course, you all know what an optical illusion is? Very good! Here, then, is a diagram which may deceive you. As you see, four trees are pictured, each placed at varying distances, and each bearing a number. Can you say, without using a ruler or any means of measurement, which two trees are farthest apart? If you can't you will find the correct answer below.



CIRCUMSTANCES ALTER CASES.

HE dropped a "tenner" on a race, And did not turn a hair; He smiled to hear his friends applaud His nerve so debonair.

But in a crowded motor-bus A penny he did drop, And then he made everybody move up, upset the conductor, lighted matches, ruined a three-shilling pair of gloves, lifted the cushions, and had to find the wretched coin, Before the search he'd stop.

A FIGURE TRICK.

GET someone to put down a row of figures, to add them up, and to subtract the total, thus:

63,214

These figures added together make 16, subtract this 16 from the original number and you get 63,198.

Now ask them to cross out any one figure, total them up again and tell you the total. Thus, say they cross out the 6 the total becomes 21.

They tell you this, and without looking at the sum you can say the value of the figure which has been crossed out.

You do this trick by subtracting the total from the next multiple of nine. "The total," says your friend, "is 21." The nearest multiple of nine above 21 is 27. You subtract 21 from 27, and that leaves 6. To your friend you say in a dignified tone, "The figure you crossed out was 6."

And your wondering friend believes you to be possessed of occult powers.

It doesn't matter what figures are originally put down, the answer always comes correct.

SOLUTIONS.

TO YOUNG MEN.

BECAUSE it takes a long time to get enough of it.

THINK OVER IT.

A PIECE of rope.

THE TREE TRICK.

THIS is really too simple for words. Naturally the two outside trees are farthest apart.

Every boy who wishes to know the proper way to handle a bow and arrow should read "Hints to Young Archers," which appears in THE SCOUT this week.



Treasures King George Inherits

Over Five Tons of Gold Plate which now belongs to Our New King is Used at State Banquets.

BOTH Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace are overflowing with treasures of every description—plate, pictures, jewels, statuary, books, and relics of enormous historic value. When our late King came to the throne he found valuables of all kinds locked away, undisplayed and uncatalogued, and—worse than all—absolutely unprotected from fire.

During his all too brief reign King Edward effected a complete revolution. In the first place he installed electric light all through both the chief Royal residences, in the second he put in every possible appliance and arrangement for fire fighting, and after that extended the Royal library, inspected the gold pantry, and had all the various treasures of the two Palaces properly inventoried and displayed.

The value of the plate alone which King George inherits is almost inestimable. The so-called gold pantry at Windsor consists of two large fireproof store-rooms in which is kept plate of an estimated value of £1,750,000.

The gold plate which is used for State banquets weighs over five tons. It is not, of course, all solid gold. If the larger pieces were gold they would be too heavy to move at all. Some of the epergnes take four men to lift. These are of silver-gilt. It takes one man to carry two dishes or eight plates. The latter are of pure gold.

Relics from the Spanish Armada.

There is not much ancient English plate in the gold pantry. Charles I. melted down all the plate of his day and coined it into money. But there are some exquisite foreign pieces, among them a great silver flagon taken from the flagship of the Spanish Armada, and the famous "Nautilus" Cup, made by that master of the art, Benvenuto Cellini. There is a shield by the same great Italian, and the wonderful gold tiger's head taken from Tipoo Sahib's throne after the storming of Seringapatam in 1799.

This tiger's head is a marvellous work of art. It is life-size, and its teeth and eyes are cut out of pure rock crystal. Another relic captured at the same time is the jewelled bird called the "Uma." In shape it is like a pigeon, with a peacock's tail. Its feathers blaze with precious stones, and a magnificent emerald hangs from its breast. According to an old Indian legend, whoever owns this bird will rule India.

There is also a shield formed of snuff boxes and valued at £9,000, and a great quantity of beautiful cups and salvers, among them a rose-water fountain of silver designed by the late Prince Consort, and weighing nearly 3,000 ounces.

Detectives who reside at the Castle as ordinary officials guard these vast treasures of plate, and also the jewels which are locked in another underground safe. These jewels have, of course, nothing to do with the Crown jewels, which are kept in the Tower. They are the private property of the Royal Family. Queen Alexandra's personal jewellery is of immense value, and for precaution's sake has, we believe, been all duplicated in paste. But Windsor Castle is not the place for the enterprising burglar to go "a-burgling." There is an old law, still unrepealed, which enables the reigning Sovereign to put to death any person or persons through whose carelessness any of his gems may be lost. What would happen to a burglar one shudders to contemplate.

Windsor's Royal Library.

The Royal library at Windsor contains over 100,000 volumes, among them many that would fetch enormous prices if put up to auction. There is a Metz Psalter for which a collector would sell his last stick, a Charles I. Shakespeare, a magnificent Caxton on vellum, and other treasures too numerous to mention.

Below the library is a room containing one of the finest collections of prints in existence. These alone would probably fetch fifty to seventy thousand pounds if sold. In the same room are no fewer than 20,000 drawings of the old masters and a collection of over 1,000 miniatures. The late Queen Victoria collected these miniatures.

Besides all these ancient treasures, King George will presumably inherit the great collection of valuable objects got together by his father. These include the Coronation presents, valued at over a quarter of a million, and many Indian works of art, including a wonderful embossed shield of solid gold given by a number of rajahs.

There is no reigning monarch in the world, not even the Tsar of all the Russias, who is master of such an amazing collection of beautiful and valuable objects as is George V.

CHANGED OVER:

THE rivalry at the annual cricket match, Police v. Publicans, was keen, and when the last batsman, P.C. Robinson, went in, the Police required only two runs to win.

He batted with due care until a loose ball came, and hitting this past mid-on he started for an easy run. He got home comfortably before his wicket was thrown down, but to his disgust he was given "out."

"Why," exclaimed the indignant constable, "I was a yard past the wicket."

"Maybe," said the umpire, "but it ain't what you say, it's what I say, and I say you're out."

"But—" began the irate Robinson.

"Now, do you remember," interrupted the umpire meditatively, scratching his nose, "saying to me about six months ago, 'Don't argue with the law!' Well, you was the law that time, and I was run in. Now," he added triumphantly, "I'm the law and you're run out!"

My Life-by Buckingham Palace

George III. First Bought Me for a Royal Residence in 1762, and I only Cost £21,000

It is a far cry from public pleasure gardens to a Royal Palace. You may hardly believe it, but it is nevertheless a fact that in the seventeenth century my site was occupied by a pleasure resort known as Mulberry Gardens, where apprentices and merchants strolled on summer evenings and drank their ale or wine as their purses afforded.

But the distance from the more fashionable parts of London, which had then just begun to centre in what we now call Bloomsbury, was so great and foot-paths so numerous that the gardens failed, the ground was fenced in, and a house was built for the Earl of Arlington, which he called Arlington House. In this house was drunk the first cup of tea ever brewed in England. The leaf from which it was made was purchased by the Earl in Holland at the modest price of sixty shillings a pound. That was in the year of the Great Plague.

Arlington House was not long-lived. Early in the eighteenth century it was purchased by John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, who pulled it down and built upon it the stately residence which was the direct ancestor of myself as I stand to-day.

The tide of London was moving westwards, and the eyes of George III. were drawn to Buckingham House as a possible Royal residence. Eventually, in 1762, he bought it with its grounds for the trivial sum of £21,000, and at once moved there from the ancient, dark, and inconvenient Palace of St. James. My name was altered from Buckingham House to Buckingham Palace.

A few years later, in 1767, he settled the property upon Queen Charlotte, and there she lived and held her Drawing Rooms. Her son, George IV., spent but little of his time within my walls, and gradually my buildings fell out of repair until, in 1820, it became absolutely necessary that something should be done, and Parliament made a grant for the purpose.

Although my former outer walls were allowed to remain I was practically rebuilt, and thus began my career as the chief of London Royal residences. To say truth, I was much neglected in those days, for William IV. never came near me, and it was not until after the accession of Victoria of Gracious memory that my blinds were raised and the hum of voices once more echoed through my long corridors and lofty halls.

Queen Victoria at once put considerable alterations in hand, and built my beautiful little private chapel, but I was still too small for a modern Royal residence, and early in the forties Parliament voted £150,000 for necessary enlargements. Since those days I have altered little from an external point of view, but during the past seventy years immense sums have been spent upon my internal decorations and also upon my grounds.

My entrance gates, I may mention, are the finest in existence, and their cost was 3,000 guineas, and the columns of Carrara marble which surround my entrance-hall are immensely valuable. I have marble chimney-pieces which cost incredible sums, and priceless porcelain, fine pictures, and valuable bronzes and statuary are to be seen upon every side.

The apartment of which I am most proud is the State Ball and Concert Room, a magnificent chamber 109 feet long by 58 wide. It has a beautifully-painted roof and a organ which once stood in the Brighton Pavilion. The decorations are principally by Gruner. This one room cost nearly £300,000, or more than enough money to have entirely rebuilt the whole of me.

My marble staircase is one of the finest in existence, and I am also proud of my Vandyck portraits. I have large grounds, much larger indeed than most people suppose. They contain a lake of five acres in extent, and beyond it some very fine trees. There is also a fine old pavilion in the grounds with some frescoes done by eminent artists.

My greatest debt of gratitude is due to King Edward, who rescued me from the old-fashioned state into which I had fallen. Although I cannot boast of great antiquity nor of specially imposing architecture, yet, thanks to our late monarch, I can claim to be as up-to-date in every respect as any Royal residence in the world.

Land the Crown Owns



The Carlton Club, His Majesty's Theatre, Vine Street Police Station, and many other Notable Buildings all Stand on Crown Lands.

SOME time ago an American paper, under the head line, "King Under Cost Price," twitted us with taking the whole of the enormous Crown Revenues for the National Exchequer and allowing our monarch a fixed income or Civil List, which was not equal in value to that received from Crown Property.

Our critic was unfair or ignorant. When Queen Victoria surrendered the hereditary revenues of the Crown for life, their annual value was not nearly equal to the £385,000 which Parliament granted to the Sovereign lady as her fixed Civil List. It is only owing to the immense increase of landed property in London during the past thirty years, that the Crown revenues have reached the £530,000 at which they stand to-day.

It has become the custom for each succeeding monarch to hand over her or his life interest in the Crown Lands in exchange for a fixed revenue. If the country has to-day slightly the better of the bargain it should be remembered that for years the boot was on the other foot. To-day the only Crown Lands from which the Royal Family draw direct incomes are those of the two Duchies of Cornwall and Lancaster, which produce between them about £160,000 a year. But the rest of the Crown Lands are still Crown property, and presumably any Sovereign could resume them and hold them as formerly.

£6,000 a Year from Salmon.

The variety of Crown property is simply enormous. It includes Scottish salmon fisheries and London theatres. King George is a keen salmon fisher, and if he were to take over the Crown salmon waters he would have the finest angling in the country at his disposal. Not only tidal waters and estuaries, but an immense proportion of inland Scottish fisheries are held from the Crown. This was established by a decision of the House of Lords in 1859, and since that date the rental of Scottish Crown Fisheries has risen from £5 to £6,000 a year.

More than half of the revenue from what are called Crown Lands, and which are managed by the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, arises from the Crown Estates in London. Few people have the least idea of the amount of London which is owned by the Crown. There are in all 4,250 houses, which bring in a combined rental of over £300,000 a year.

Some of these houses stand as far east as Tower Hill, some are as far west as Notting Hill. There is Crown property in Southwark and in Holborn Viaduct.

The Carlton Hotel and His Majesty's Theatre stand on Crown Land, and bring in a ground rent of over £4,000. The lease has, we believe, some sixty years to run. Another famous restaurant, the Holborn, is built on Crown Land. The ground rent is over £2,000 a year.

Nearly the whole of the south side of Pall Mall, from Cockspur Street to Marlborough House, belongs to the Crown. Great and Little Scotland Yard, the Albany and Vine Street Police Stations are all on Crown property.

Why Crown Lands are Increasing.

There is a huge block of business buildings in the City which brings in a rental of £7,000, while at the other end of the scale are scraps of garden land, for which only a pound or two a year is paid. In some cases a part of a house pays rent. For instance, although the Langham Hotel stands upon freehold ground one of its bow windows intrudes upon Crown property, and, therefore, pays rent.

Something over £30,000 a year arises from royalties on minerals dug from Crown Lands, but while large sums are acquired from valuable property of this kind, trifles are not despised. One seaside town leases from the Crown eighty-four acres of foreshore at a yearly rent of forty shillings, while for two chimney stacks in a certain village the payment is one penny a year. How the Crown comes to own such curious property as chimney stacks is not easily explainable.

One of the largest areas of Crown Land is the beautiful New Forest. At the same time it is a very valueless one, for the rents derived from it are only a few hundreds a year. If it were put up for sale it would realise a gigantic sum.

Crown property is always increasing in value, not only because of the natural rise in the value of building land, but also because there fall into it the estates of people who die without leaving relatives or a will. In such cases, the Crown advertises for claimants, but if these do not appear within a month the property is added to the Crown Lands. All Crown property is marked by the Royal boundary signs. One of these is to be seen on the stage of the Lyceum Theatre.



The Intervention of the Diplomat

How He Failed and was not Sorry for It.

By OLIVER MERLAND.

DESPITE all her efforts to prevent it, the girl's pretty face was troubled and her eyes were doubtful.

"You're quite sure, Fred?" she questioned. "You are not sorry you asked me to be your wife? You love me really and truly?"

She was slender and graceful, and she would have looked bright and animated in her picturesque player's dress had it not been for the trouble she could not keep out of her face and voice.

She—Mollie Carew—and Frederick Quentin were standing together at the wings of the Theatre Royal, Dulminster.

It was an old place, full of odd corners and dinginess except where the limelight beautified everything.

The Dulminster Theatre was served by travelling companies, a new one appearing every week, or every fortnight at the outside. This week the boards were occupied, to quote the posters, by Mr. R. Jerome Noble's Old Legitimate Company.

On this particular night they were giving Goldsmith's *She Swoops To Conquer*, and Mollie Carew was the Miss Hardcastle. Perhaps not so stately a Miss Hardcastle as is sometimes, but one so demure and so charming that any young Marlowe who had met her without being forthwith distracted, must surely have been a young Marlowe whom his progenitor would not have recognised. It was during one of the scenes in which Mollie Carew was "off" that she stood at the wings with Frederick Quentin.

She put her hands on his shoulders and half stood on tiptoe, so that she might look into his eyes as she put her questions. "You little goose!" he returned. "Of course I'm fond of you. I thought you knew that!"

He really was a handsome young gentleman, was Frederick Quentin, with irreproachable features and charming manners. He was always dressed in clothes the fit and style of which were apt to inspire despair and envy in the breasts of his rivals. There was a perfect coolness in his manner, as if he were quite sure of everything, which was disconcerting to people who did not know him; but his smile was reassuring.

Frederick had studied himself in the looking-glass and was satisfied that no girl could see his smile and fail to be more or less entranced.

He was the only son of Mrs. Oscar Quentin, a widow of limited means but of unlimited aristocracy, whose abode, The Laurels, was situated in the most fashionable part of Dulminster. The lady herself was very exclusive.

In her own opinion, Mrs. Quentin had ample cause for pride. She was the sister-in-law of a real baronet, Sir Amyas Quentin, who had won honour as a diplomatist in the service of the Empire; and Frederick was his uncle's heir-presumptive, and was certain to be a baronet himself eventually.

That Sir Amyas himself might marry was in the good lady's estimation impossible. He was a confirmed bachelor, and, beside, it would have been an outrage on the prospects of her darling boy for the diplomat to so much as think of taking a wife unto himself.

As befitted a young gentleman with such brilliant prospects, Frederick Quentin had never done anything so common as to work for his living. He had devoted himself to a life of elegant leisure, and had shown a remarkable talent for making his mother's limited income go as far as possible.

"You ought to know I care for you a jolly lot," he repeated, as Mollie Carew raised her brown eyes questioning to his.

He sought to imply by his expression that he was pained by so much as the possibility of being doubted. But he only succeeded in looking what anyone save the girl would have called sulky.

But Mollie's eyes were blinded.

"Oh, you must not think I distrust you, Fred!" she said quickly. "Only it's so wonderful that you should care for me that I can hardly believe it sometimes. Nobody ever cared for me before!"

What a strange confession for a pretty girl to make!

The motherless daughter of a struggling country solicitor, who had died without leaving a penny behind him, Mollie had had to fight her own way in the world. She had fought it bravely, and, as Jimmy Canlish, the low comedian of the company, put it, "she wasn't only clever and good-looking but as straight a little girl as you could wish to meet."

All the same, it had been a hard struggle; and she had felt very lonely until she had come to Dulminster, and Frederick Quentin had found his way behind the scenes and been introduced to her by the manager of the Theatre Royal, who found it very useful to be on good terms with the nephew of a baronet.

Frederick had made himself very pleasant to the girl. He could be exceedingly kind and throw an indescribable note of sympathy into his voice when he liked. Her heart had beaten faster when he told her that she should not be lonely any more. She had flushed with pleasure when he had come to her. And, if there had been a hint of doubtfulness to trouble her thoughts of him, she had tried to put it away, telling herself that it was disloyal to listen to it.

To-night he was more kind and sympathetic than ever, and before they parted he slipped a little morocco case into her hand. It contained nothing but a cheap little locket, with Frederick's own portrait in it; but as he gave it he whispered: "I hope you'll let me give you something else soon, Mollie? We'll have to let everybody know we are going to belong to each other for ever."

"For ever!" she whispered back, her eyes shining.

Upstairs, in the privacy of his own apartment, he went over quite a considerable collection of such documents.

"If these beggars aren't settled with soon, there'll be trouble," he admitted, a gloomy frown on his features. "But—there's uncle. My scheme can't fail. He's bound to come to the scratch."

His countenance brightened into cheerfulness again. It was rather strange, to say the least, that he should have been so confident on the point. In the past he had involved himself in financial difficulties, the result of his idleness and extravagance, and on many occasions appeals to his diplomat uncle had saved him. But these appeals had become so frequent that Sir Amyas' patience had been worn out, and he at last refused further assistance. He had been adamant, too. Further appeals—pathetic, despairing, expostulatory, had been made to him in vain.

Yet, now Frederick smiled cheerfully as he thought of his uncle.

It would have struck a second person as even more remarkable that he should have been so hopeful, in view of his friendship with Mollie Carew. For, if Sir Amyas Quentin had a horror of anything, it was of the stage and all belonging to it.

The fact that he knew nothing of theatres, and had all his life rigidly declined to know anything of them, made his horror all the more intense and hard to eradicate. To put it mildly, he regarded all players as persons to be strictly avoided.

And here was his nephew promising undying devotion to a girl in a second-rate theatrical company just at the time when he stood most in need of his prejudiced uncle's help!

The young gentleman made no secret of his friendship with Mollie Carew. Instead, he did all he could to advertise it in Dulminster. Tidings of it reached his mother, who was distracted.

"Oh, what will Sir Amyas say?" Mrs. Quentin wailed. "He will be so angry!"

"I expect he will," responded her son, calmly puffing at a cigarette. "I can't help it. Mollie is a jolly nice little girl, and I'm devoted to her."

Whereupon Mrs. Quentin developed alarming symptoms of hysterics.

She looked upon the reversion of the baronetcy as certain for her son. But Sir Amyas was free to bequeath his fortune where he pleased; and an empty title would be more of an encumbrance than anything else.

In such a crisis no time was to be lost. Finding her own tearful appeals wholly unavailing, she sat down and penned a tear-blotted epistle to the diplomat, who chanced to be in London. In this she touchingly implored him to hasten at once to Dulminster, in order to save "her darling, misled boy from the wicked fascination of a designing young person, who must have cast a baleful spell upon one whose nature was so good and innocent." Frederick heard his mother's literary effort read aloud with sulky defiance, and smiled knowingly when he was free from observation.

Sir Amyas answered his sister-in-law's letter at once and in person. Dignified, suave, courteously, he created a sensation when he stepped out of a first-class carriage at Dulminster. The stationmaster thought him an ambassador at least, and was in private agonies because they had not had the best fly in the town newly painted in anticipation of his arrival.

"I can scarcely credit your intelligence, Drusilla," he said, when seated in conference with his sister-in-law. "It is astounding. Are you perfectly sure of your facts?"

"Only too sure!" sobbed the widow.

"Have you seen the—the young person?"

Mrs. Quentin shuddered. Then she sobbed more vehemently into her lace handkerchief.

"How can you ask, Amyas? How could I bring myself to see and speak with one of her calling, when I know and so respect your opinions? Of course, I have not seen her."

"Ah! Decidedly so. I shall have to speak to Frederick," declared the diplomat coldly. "This scandal must be stopped at once. There must be no faltering!"

His interview with his degenerate nephew was, however, far from being a success from his standpoint.

Frederick was intractable.

"It's all very well for you to talk, uncle," he declared, after listening restively to a protracted lecture. "But I can't help it. I'm gone on Mollie, you know."

The diplomat raised his eye-brows.

"Pardon me," he observed coldly, "if I do not exactly follow your meaning, Frederick. I am, I trust, conversant with polite modern English; but I must confess that the term 'gone on' is foreign to me."

"Oh, well," returned his nephew sulkily, "if you're not up-to-date it's hardly my fault, is it, uncle? It means devoted to, in love with, resolved to stick to her till I die, and all that. I tell you again, I can't help it. She's so jolly pretty."

Sir Amyas Quentin paled.

"This is much worse, unhappy boy, than I had supposed possible," he said. "But I am determined to save you from the disastrous consequences of your folly in spite of yourself. I have heard by repute, though hitherto, thank heaven, I have had no occasion to personally prove the fact, that persons of her profession are invariably mercenary. Any sum in reason, in return for which she will consent to release you from this unhappy entanglement and spare our family from the disgrace of an alliance with her, shall be forthcoming."

Frederick shook his head.

"You can try it on with her, of course, if you like, uncle,"

he said. "But you'll find yourself in the wrong shop. Mollie isn't that sort."

Notwithstanding his avowed confidence, however, he went to see Mollie at the theatre that evening.

"You won't give me up for money, will you, dear?" he pleaded, with a pathetic falter in his voice. "It would break my heart to lose you."

"You silly boy!" she answered quickly. "Of course I never will."

"And you won't let my uncle bully or frighten you? He's very stiff and stern and all that, you know, and—"

"I'm not going to be frightened of him!" she declared stoutly.

Nevertheless, she could not prevent her heart fluttering just a little when she looked forward to her meeting with the inexorable relation who had come to rob her of her happiness.

What Sir Amyas expected to see when, on the following afternoon, he sat in the tiny parlour of the lodging-house, awaiting Miss Carew, it would be hard to explain. He had never spoken to an actress in his life. Outwardly he was calmly, coldly serene as ever. But in his brain was flitting some fantastic, repellent vision of a hard, painted, heartless, false creature, who—

"Miss Carew!"

The diplomat rose with a start. A tremor ran through him such as intricate negotiations on which the fate of mighty State matters depended had never caused him to experience. Who was this who stood before him—this pretty, refined, graceful girl, a lady every inch, whose sensitive mouth was trembling never so slightly?

"I am Miss Carew," Mollie said with dignity. "And you, I presume, are Sir Amyas Quentin?"

It was the hardest task of the diplomat's life. Negotiating with the wildest of Orientals, with the most astute of European statesmen, had been nothing to it. But he got out the purport of his errand at last.

As long as he lives the diplomat will never forget the quiet dignity, the flash of indignation, with which the girl answered: "No! I will not touch your money!"

He did not show it. But if ever Sir Amyas Quentin felt small and mean it was when he left the girl after that first interview.

It was not his last meeting with Mollie. He had come to Dulminster to save his nephew, and pride would not allow him to confess defeat after a first failure. He called twice again, and forced himself to try to induce the girl to listen to him.

Forced himself? Yes; that is the only way to put it. He could not understand it; but he was almost tongue-tied, almost stupid in her presence. And one night Mollie, looking over the footlights, was sure she saw the diplomat, sitting obscurely in the pit and gazing at her with an intensity which made her flush and tremble.

The company was to leave Dulminster on Sunday morning. On the Saturday evening Mollie pleaded indisposition, and did not appear in the play. But on that same evening a perplexed but discreet servant at the hotel where Sir Amyas was staying announced that a lady wished to see the baronet.

When she and Sir Amyas were alone and she revealed her face, it was the face of a new and frightened Mollie.

"Forgive me, Sir Amyas," she begged. "I—I know you don't like me. But I had to come to ask you something."

"Pray be seated," he said formally. Mollie could only hear his constrained voice. She didn't see that he, too, was pale.

"No; I mustn't stop," she returned hurriedly. "But I've been thinking about—about Fred. I love him dearly, and it will break my heart to let him go. But I must not be selfish and wicked. I've had a letter from his mother, saying he will be poor and ruined if you are angry with him; and I cannot bear to think I should spoil his life. It hurts to kiss him, but—"

She faltered, terrified. There was a step outside the door. She had no time to replace her veil. What would be said of Sir Amyas if it became known that he had been visited by an actress? Quick as thought, hardly knowing what she was doing, she slipped behind a large screen.

Frederick Quentin entered the room.

"I knew you would be here, uncle," he said, "and I did not trouble any of those servant fellows to show me in. I've come on business."

"Well?" the diplomat asked.

What an effort it cost him to prevent himself from leading toward the screen! Frederick gave a gulp. Then he came to the point brazenly.

"Look here, uncle," he began, "of course, I love Mollie a lot, and it will be an awful wrench to say good-bye to her. But I'm in a hole for want of money, and I must think of myself—I mean, I must pay my debts honourably. How much will you give me to give her up?"

His uncle gazed at him steadily.

"You young brute!" he said. "You never cared for the girl at all! You only pretended to care for her that you might blackmail me into bribing you to break her heart!"

Frederick attempted a blustering denial. But the mean, cowardly truth was on his face, and as he tried to speak there was a choked cry of shame and pain in the room. He jerked aside the screen.

"Oh!" he said, with an ugly sneer. "If I can't get what I want for doing one thing, uncle, perhaps I'll get it for doing another. I should say you'll be willing to pay handsomely to keep Dulminster from knowing about the sort of visitor you receive. An actress!"

"Go!" said Sir Amyas. "Go, and tell all Dulminster that this is the lady whom I ask to honour me by becoming my wife!"

And he turned and bowed to Mollie with more courtesy and deference than he had ever shown to any queen.

She wouldn't listen at first. But—well, Sir Amyas was still a handsome man and not quite fifty; and no girl can stay for ever over a shattered idol of clay. Sir Amyas had fallen in love with her while trying to save his nephew from her!

Lady Amyas Quentin is a very beautiful and stately diplomat's wife; and Mrs. Quentin laments to this day that her precious son will never inherit his uncle's title and fortune—just because he was so clever.

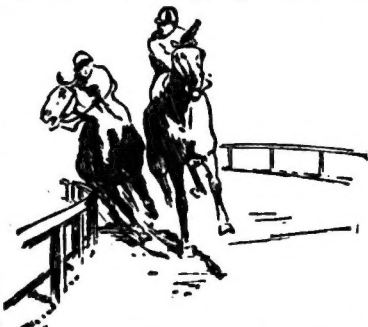
Danger Points in Games

Every Game has its death traps, and this Article Points out a few things which Prove the Pluck of British Sportsmen.

A MARKED characteristic of the average Briton is that he loves best those sports and games in which there is a strong spice of danger.

The object of this article, however, is not to describe the well-known and obvious risks of certain sports and games, as, for example, steeplechasing, but to depict by word and illustration those points where for one reason or another the ordinary dangers of a sport or game are tremendously increased, and the man facing them has to pull out every ounce of pluck that is in him.

To start with horse-racing, the following situation will sometimes occur. A jockey has got badly away, but has made up ground and his horse is "going strong" as the field near the post. He is still behind, however, and it looks as if he would have to go round the other horses on the outside, thus losing time and distance. He sees that the inside horse is tiring and swerving outwards from the rails; presently there is a distinct gap, and he decides to try to get through it. He takes his life in his hands when he does so, for should the horse he is trying to pass swerve inwards, as it may very well do, when they are abreast or nearly abreast, it is odds on his being driven into and over the rails and picked up dead or seriously injured.



Trying to squeeze through an almost impossible opening on the rails. Should the leading horse swerve inwards, the animal and jockey behind are sure to be hurled over the rails.

When polo was first introduced into this country, it was a game in which every man played for himself, and it was often something of a *mêlée*, players charging at the ball and each other from all directions. Nowadays, combination and passing are as important and as highly developed in polo as they are in Association football. Nevertheless, polo is more dangerous than it used to be, simply because the pace is infinitely greater, and there is little or no time to retrieve a dangerous situation. The great danger point in polo arises when one player "crosses" another, that is, cuts at right angles or diagonally across the other's path. Of course, "crossing" is strictly forbidden, but a player may lose his head or his pony may get out of hand, and going at terrific speed he cuts right across the path of another pony travelling equally fast. It is all over in a second; the ponies are going too fast to stop or even to swerve aside; they crash into each other, there is a struggling heap of men and ponies on the ground, and the ambulance is badly needed.



The greatest danger in polo arises when one horseman attempts the forbidden move of crossing an opponent. A violent collision is inevitable.

pony may get out of hand, and going at terrific speed he cuts right across the path of another pony travelling equally fast. It is all over in a second; the ponies are going too fast to stop or even to swerve aside; they crash into each other, there is a struggling heap of men and ponies on the ground, and the ambulance is badly needed.

Cricketers naturally expect hard knocks, and the wicket-keeper in particular occupies a post fraught with constant danger. A movement of the batsman may cause him to lose sight of the ball, it catches him on the head and he is knocked senseless. Or a flying bail may cut his cheek open or blind him. These, however, are dangers inherent in the game, but there is at least one occasion when the cricketer is called upon to face extraordinary risks, and that is when he is ordered or requested to go "silly point."



A batsman, a poor player, is "keeping his end up," while the batsman, a good player, at the other end does the scoring. The former does not attempt to score; he lets loose balls go by and blocks the straight ones, blocks even the simplest of half-volleys, long hops, or full pitches. He doesn't even hit at the ball, but lets it hit the bat.

"Silly point," the most dangerous spot on a cricket field. The fieldsmen, who is only a few feet from the batsman, has little chance of avoiding a hard hit, and is likely to be badly hurt.

He must be got out, for the other man is set and scoring fast, and there is only one wicket to fall, and now it is that the captain orders point or some other fielder to go "silly point." The fielder obeys and places himself as close to the striker (on the off-side) as he can without getting in front of the bowler. Anyway, he stands so close that if the striker lets the ball hit against the bat—fairly high up, of course—"silly point" can catch it before it reaches the ground. He literally takes the ball off the bat. But if the "stonewaller" changes his mind and lashes out, then "silly point" is very apt to be knocked "silly."



A nasty point in Rugby is to stop a forward rush. The defender has to throw himself at the ball and is always liable to be kicked.

his head or his body, and "retires hurt." To field "silly point," especially to a powerful hitter who for once in a way, and for special reasons, is content to "stonewall," but for how long there is no saying, is a rare test of nerve.

Anxious mothers of sons are apt to condemn football as highly dangerous, although the percentage of deaths or serious injuries arising out of football is really very small, and fond mothers are particularly "down" on Rugby football.

"Rugger," however, despite appearances to the contrary, is not so dangerous as "Soccer." The latter is often played on hard grounds on which a simple fall may mean a broken limb, but no "Rugger" man in his senses would dream of turning out on a frost-bound ground.

Then at "Soccer" there is far more risk of a broke leg from an accidental kick than at "Rugger," while injuries to the head, concussion of the brain, and so on, are naturally more prevalent in the game of which "heading the ball" is a feature than in that where it has practically no part.

However, Rugby has its special danger points, and the worst of all is the process known as "stopping a rush." The opposing forwards have come away in a bunch with the ball at their toes, and it is the duty of half, three-quarter, or full back to stop them. There is only one way of doing so, and that is to hurl himself on the ball, cuddling it with his arms. It is no use trying to pick up the ball; as he stooped to do so he would be hurled over backwards, and the ball kicked or torn from his grasp if he had not already lost hold of it. No, he must throw himself flat on the ground, getting his arms well round it, and keeping his head down. Indeed, the secret of successful stopping is whole-heartedness; there must be no half measures, and the bold policy pays, for it is when you go half down to the ball that you are most likely to be hurt, for you will be carried over backwards by the on-rushing forwards.



Sandwiched between the two backs at "Soccer." Forwards do their best to avoid this, as they are quite likely to be badly crushed.

Still, it takes a lot of pluck to stop a forward rush; the heavy forwards are bound to come on top of you, and you may get a nasty kick in the face, more especially if you fail to keep it well down.

At "Soccer" there is always danger when two players try to head the ball at the same time, for their skulls are very likely to come in contact. There is serious risk, too, when a player gets "sandwiched" between two other players. This usually happens when a player tries to dribble through between the two opposing backs. He is not quite quick enough, however, and rushing at him from either side they catch him between them and crumple him up.

The goalkeeper has his own especial danger points, and one is when having caught the ball he is unable to get rid of it before the opposing forwards are on him. Then he is charged over unceremoniously and is likely to get a severe fall.



A dangerous move in goalkeeping. To stop a certain goal the goalkeeper will literally hurl himself at an oncoming forward and take the ball from his toe.

But perhaps his most trying time is when he is called upon to perform much the same duty as "stopping a rush" at Rugby. An opposing forward has dribbled right through to within a few yards of goal, and is steadying himself for his shot, a shot which is almost bound to score; the goalkeeper's only chance of saving the situation is to rush out, throw himself at the ball head downwards, and literally pick it up off the forward's toe. But in doing so he runs a very real risk of getting a heavy kick in the face.



Upside-down Japan

Some Topsy-Turvy Customs of our Far Eastern Allies.

TOPSY-TURVY is a word which seems strangely out of place when applied to a people so highly civilised and up-to-date as the modern Japanese. Nevertheless, our Far Eastern allies do many things in a way so directly opposed to Western notions of what is right and proper that the term is really quite excusable.

Take the simple matters of etiquette and form. In Japan the left and not the right is the side and place of honour; white, and not black, is the appropriate colour of mourning; to smack the lips when eating or drinking is a mark of polite appreciation.

Politeness, too, prompts the Japanese to remove not their hats but their shoes when paying friendly calls. As for giving place to women, such a thing is quite unknown in the land of the Mikado; men there are most emphatically the superior sex.

If anyone doubts it, let him witness the spectacle—not by any means a common one—of a Japanese husband taking his wife for an outing. The chances are a hundred to one that hubby gets into his rickshaw first and bowls gaily away, leaving the wife to get into hers as best she can, and to follow respectfully behind.

Another curious reversal of Western methods is seen in the Japanese system of names. The order of the family and Christian names is exactly the opposite of ours. Thus William Jones would be in Japan Jones William, and his title—Mr., Dr., Professor, or whatever it might be—would follow. This principle, which is that of putting the general before the particular, is seen at its best in the addressing of correspondence.

A Japanese, writing to his friend P. Doubleyou in Tokio, would address his envelope as follows: "Japan. Tokio. Akasaka District, such-and-such-a Street, 17 Number, P. Doubleyou, Mr."

The same sort of thing occurs in the construction of sentences. Speaking generally, it may be said that the order of thought in a Japanese sentence is exactly the reverse of ours. Hence in translating Japanese into English it is often just as well to begin at the end of the sentence and work backwards. As with sentences, so with books.

Japanese books all begin at what we should call the end, and finish up where one would expect the title-page to be. Foot-notes, if any, are placed at the top of the page, and the reader inserts his book-marker at the bottom.

Strangest of all, a large full stop is placed at the beginning of each paragraph.

Another but very different example of the "contrariness" of our allies is seen in their treatment of horses. The whole system of horse-management in Japan is the very opposite of ours.

A Japanese, for example, unless trained in quite a modern school, never thinks of mounting his steed from the left hand; he always does so from the right. On the right side also are fastened all the parts of the harness; the mane, on the other hand, is made to hang on the left.

To crown all, the horse, when brought home to its stable, is usually, though not always, placed with its head where its tail ought to be, and is fed from a crib at the stable door.

The Japanese builder, too, has his little peculiarities, for when starting on a house he always begins with the roof. When this is finished he takes it to pieces, numbers the sections, and puts it aside until the rest of the structure is completed.

The women of Japan are quite as unorthodox as the men in some of their ways. The Japanese needlewoman "needles her thread" instead of threading her needle; that is to say, she draws the eye of the needle over the end of the thread instead of pushing the thread through the eye of the needle, as is usually done.

And in sewing, instead of running the needle through the cloth she holds the needle perfectly still and runs the cloth upon it.

Our Courts

Willing to be Adopted.

"I don't intend to work if I can get someone to keep me," was the declaration to a police sergeant of a man charged at Tottenham with theft.

Do You Follow?

Mr. Astbury, the leading counsel for the plaintiffs in the recent dry soap case, asked a witness: "If he hadn't said what he didn't say he did say, that would have been right?"

Suited.

"I had money, and I was looking for lodgings," said an old man charged at the Manchester City Police Court with drunkenness. "I couldn't find them, so I thought I would go with the officer to the police station."

"And there they took you in," observed the Clerk.

Was It Nervousness?

Charged at Tunbridge Wells with being drunk in charge of a motor-car, a prisoner stoutly denied the offence, but admitted that he could not spell his name when questioned at the police-station.

His name only contained three letters.

Little Incidents Recorded from the Daily Papers that have Caused the Courts to Smile.

Showing Her Affection.

A young man at the Thames Police Court complained about his intended wife smacking his face.

The Magistrate: "Well, you had better put up with it. She will do it, I expect, after you are married." (Laughter.)

A Good Chance of Raising It.

A defendant alleged in the Westminster County Court that a stove which formed the subject of the action was useless. He had tried coal, coke, anthracite, and other things, but he did not think anything would be any good except dynamite. (Laughter.)

The Lost Ear-top.

Applicant for advice at Lambeth (to Mr. Baggallay): "I beg your pardon, sir. I went into a barber's shop to get a shave, and he clipped the top of my ear off with the scissors."

Mr. Baggallay: "Put a bit of plaster on."

Applicant: "I want a summons."

Mr. Baggallay: "You won't get one. You can bring an action, if you like."

Does Her Good.

A prisoner who received twenty-eight days at Oldham recently said she didn't mind; it was only like going to a convalescent home. "It recruits me," she added.

Tongue Twister.

Some amusement was caused at the Hull Quarter Sessions by the difficulty which witnesses found in repeating the oath. One witness referred to "Our Sovereign Lord the King" as "Our lovereign sord the King."

Up in the World.

At the Halifax Police Court a witness told the Bench that a certain man could not attend court because he was on the top of a house, and could not come down. (Laughter.) The explanation was that the individual in question was a plasterer.

The Magistrate's Clerk: "If the case is adjourned perhaps he can come down by to-morrow." (Laughter.)

Knowing Lads.

At the Grimsby Police Court two schoolboys were charged with stealing nineteen neckties from a railway wagon.

The Stipendiary: "Do you know what the punishment is for theft?"

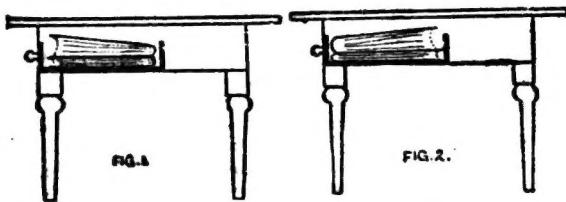
Defendant (aged eleven): "Yes, sir; you have to pay summat, owing to their previous good character."

Both lads were dismissed with a caution.

Picture Pars

BACK TO THE FRONT.

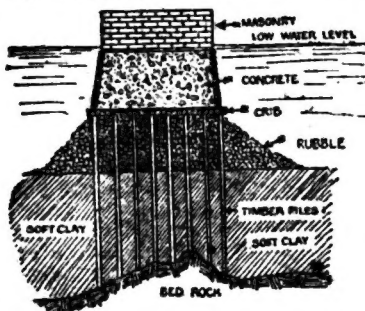
WHEN you place a book in a drawer remember to put the back of the volume so that it faces the front of the drawer, as indicated in Fig. 2. Books which are lightly bound



often open a little when lying down, and then the top cover presses against the frame of the table, as shown in Fig. 1, and pulling out the drawer is a matter of difficulty. By placing the book, as shown in the second sketch the drawer can easily be opened.

FOUNDATIONS AT SEA.

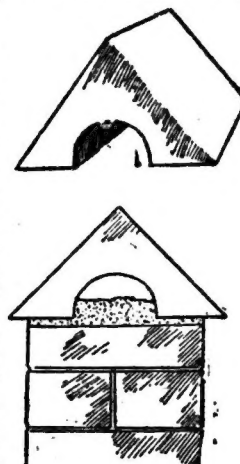
PROVIDING a firm foundation for bridge supports and similar structures is naturally an arduous undertaking. The illustration shows the caisson method, frequently adopted by engineers.



Piles are driven into the sea or river bottom and cut off level below the surface of the water, the space between them being filled with rubble, rough, undressed stones. These piles form the support for the caisson, which is a kind of watertight box open at the top. The structure is floated over the prepared bed, and the masonry work is built up inside until the caisson sinks on that bed. The side walls are then taken away, leaving the bottom of the structure, called the crib, between the masonry and the supporting bed. Of course, when a firm bottom can be reached other support for the masonry becomes unnecessary.

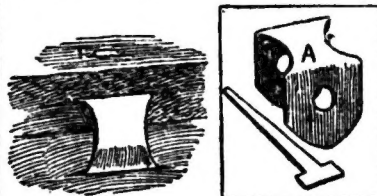
HOLLOW SECURITY.

COPING bricks placed on top of a wall undoubtedly give it a finished appearance. Their primary object, however, is to preserve the construction, for rain falling on a flat surface soon causes the mortar to decay. If these bricks are examined before being fixed it will be noticed that they are not solid, a large semi-circular groove running throughout. There are two reasons for this. It materially lessens their weight, and, therefore, their cost of transport, and it also gives the coping a better grip on the wall. A good layer of mortar is made, and into this the coping is firmly pressed, which causes the mortar to rise in the middle as shown in the lower sketch, the bricks being thus held more securely than with a flat surface.



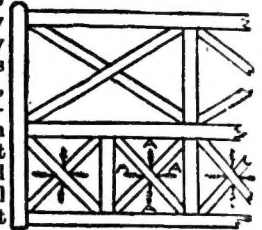
PREVENTS PILFERING.

WHEN goods consigned to some place abroad are sent to their destination in a packing-case it is possible for unscrupulous persons to remove the lid, abstract some of the contents of the case, and replace the lid so that no outward indication of the theft is visible. The number of hands through which such a case must pass, and the fact that it may not be opened until weeks after delivery, all facilitate the thieving. To guard against it a safety clip has been invented. After the case has been nailed up a clip A, is driven into its side, one prong sinking into the side of the case and the other into the side of the lid, as shown. Then a nail is hammered through the two holes in the clip, after which the case cannot be opened without breaking the woodwork.



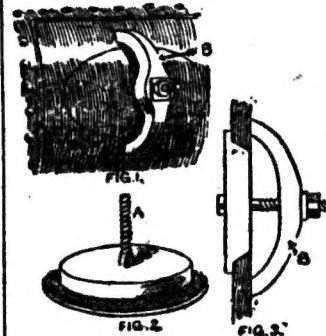
KEEPS DOGS OUT.

Dogs will be dogs, and one of their enjoyments in life is to wriggle or jump through gates. However much the merry pastime may appeal to the doggies, it is not usually looked upon with favour by the people into whose domains they wander. To prevent it, gates and fences are sometimes fashioned as shown here. From the lower part project iron spikes, A., and every intelligent animal knows on sight that he cannot get through the gate without injury. The cross bars at the top make any attempt to jump through futile and the iron spikes are certainly more ornate than wire-netting.



DOORS IN BOILERS.

To allow the dirt which accumulates in boilers to be removed, oval-shaped holes are made in the boiler when it is built, and as the pressure on the inside of some boilers is 180 pounds to the square inch, the doors which cover these holes must be fitted in very tightly. Fig. 1 shows a door in a boiler. Fig. 2 shows the door; notice the projecting base which presses against the inside of the boiler. Fig. 3 is a section depicting how the door fits into the hole; the aperture is wider on the inside of the boiler. The bolt A is screwed into the bridge B, and secured by a nut. Before the door is finally screwed up it is packed with red lead to prevent the escape of any steam. It will thus be seen that all pressure from the inside only tends to tighten the door. In some boilers are larger doors, through which men can pass when they have to clean out the boiler. These doors are crossed by two bridges instead of one.



Picked Pars

Parsons in Poverty.

Out of 21,000 clergy, 12,000 are not getting on an average more than £150 a year, said the Bishop of Chichester the other day.

Face Not His Fortune.

Elias Dukes, of Retford, has been arrested three times in mistake for a man for whose arrest a warrant has been issued, and to whom he bears a striking likeness.

Paying for Pitches.

A sum of between £700 and £800 was realised at Blackpool the other day at the annual sale by auction of licenses for entertainment and refreshment pitches on Blackpool sands.

Royal Carpenter.

In accordance with an ancient tradition of the House of Hohenzollern, Prince Sigismund and Prince Karl, sons of Prince Leopold of Prussia, have qualified as carpenter and locksmith respectively.

Not Very Nourishing!

During an inquiry at the Essex Lunatic Asylum, Brentwood, respecting the death of a patient, a doctor said that in his gullet he found a jagged stone nearly an inch long, and in his stomach, a sharp nail. Another doctor said that they had found hatpins and other sharp articles in the stomachs of patients.

A Few Items of Fact that Will Interest You.

Liner's Palm Garden.

A palm garden on the boat deck is one of the attractions just added to an Atlantic liner. Flying among the plants are several Japanese nightingales.

Complained of Squeezing.

The Highgate Bench recently dismissed a wife's summons against a Finchley man for alleged persistent cruelty. The woman asserted that her husband had repeatedly squeezed her round the waist until she nearly fainted.

Sneaking.

Of four Brixton boys charged at Lambeth with gambling, three tried to exonerate themselves at the expense of the fourth. The magistrate discharged the fourth boy, and fined the three other boys 5s. each, with the remark: "That's what you get for sneaking."

In Brooklyn, U.S.A.

Two Brooklyn, U.S.A., men named W. W. Williams and Mr. W. M. Oestreicher wagered their trousers on the result of a billiard match. Mr. Oestreicher lost the game and his trousers, and had to hide himself in the folds of a tablecloth while a messenger hurried to his house. His distress was increased when the messenger returned with an embroidered smoking-jacket, which his wife had sent in the belief that the messenger must have made a mistake.

A Split Leg.

Damages amounting to £6 6s. were awarded to a cyclist at Clerkenwell County Court recently for injuries to his leg, which was split in several places in a street accident. Fortunately for him it was a wooden leg.

Hatched in the Oven.

A Berwick gentleman has produced four chickens from a biscuit tin by a species of conjuring. He placed four eggs in the tin, placed the tin in the kitchen oven, and the incubation was entirely successful.

Caesar's Grief.

Since King Edward's death, his little pedigree fox terrier, Caesar, has been inconsolable. For days it refused to touch any food whatever, however tempting it might be, haunting the door of the death-chamber and whining pitifully. More than once Caesar managed to slip into the death-chamber unobserved and was discovered by one of the Royal mourners shivering violently under the bed.

For Wet Weather.

Three London underground railways have adopted a novel method for coping with the extra demands made upon the services during wet weather. Seated in his office the chief inspector of the lines will keep a sharp look-out upon the sky. When rain-clouds threaten he will press an electric button at his side. The signal will go to all the depots and stations on the line, and extra trains or longer trains will be at once put on.



In which Mr. Chorley Comes Out the Blackest.
Related by ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

CHORLEY had been up early, helping his wife to move some of the heavy furniture in anticipation of a visit from the sweep. This gentleman had promised to call at seven o'clock, and, as he had not put in an appearance by half-past eight, Mrs. Chorley suggested that her husband should go and find out where he had hidden himself.

"But I can't go in these old clothes, my dear," replied Chorley, looking at the very ancient suit which he had put on for the purpose of helping in the house.

"Rubbish!" replied Mrs. Chorley. "Nobody will notice you. If we don't look the man up, he'll keep us waiting all day."

So Chorley, after a little more grumbling, ran out of the house just as he was, trustfully hoping he would meet none of his old friends on the way. In this respect luck favoured him, and he arrived at the sweep's house about ten minutes later.

The door was opened by a little girl who said her mother was out in the yard, and couldn't come to the door herself. As Chorley was unable to make the little girl understand what the matter was, he went through the house to interview the sweep's wife.

He found her engaged in tying up bags of soot. It might have been possible for a human being to be blacker, but Chorley didn't think so, unless she had been born like it. The lady was just giving a final shake to a bag of soot before trying its mouth up, and a good deal of the stuff was shaken into the air in Chorley's direction.

"Oh, I'm so sorry, sir," said the lady apologetically, as she noticed a fine layer of soot settling over Chorley.

"It's nothing," Chorley replied. "These are only old clothes."

As he seemed satisfied that the soot had only fallen on his clothes, the sweep's wife did not think it was worth going out of her way to inform him that a good deal of it had settled on his face as well.

"The sweep promised to be with us at seven o'clock," said Chorley. "Where is he?"

The lady replied that she was very sorry, but he had had so many jobs that morning. He was now at a house in Hazel Gardens, No. 10, to be precise.

Chorley muttered his thanks for the information and hurried away. As his road home lay, with a very slight digression, through Hazel Gardens, he resolved to call at the house and try to get a promise from the belated sweep that there should be no further delay.

Chorley forgot, for the moment, that his clothes were not quite presentable, even if he had not been covered from head to foot with soot. He rang the door-bell, and asked for Mr. Binks, the sweep, saying he would like a word with him. The maid was just about to make a reply of some sort, when a fierce-looking gentleman of military appearance burst into the hall.

"Hallo!" he cried, as he saw Chorley. "I suppose you're the master of the man that was here just now? He kept us waiting for him an hour, and then, directly he arrived, hang me if he didn't say that he would have to go and get his breakfast! So I tell you what it is, my man. You'll just have to come and sweep the chimney yourself."

"Me?" spluttered Chorley angrily. "You don't know who—"

"Don't you try and browbeat me," cried the military-looking gentleman. "Let me tell you, sir, that I used to be



"Oh, I'm so sorry, sir," said the lady, as she noticed a fine layer of soot settling over Chorley.

in the Army, and, when I give orders, I expect to have them obeyed!"

Chorley, observing the futility of arguing with a gentleman like that, turned on his heel and was about to depart. The military gentleman was after him, however, in a second.

"No, you don't, my man!" he cried, seizing Chorley by the collar and dragging him into the house. "We've got one of you here anyhow, and you'll have to do the work now you've come. You chaps are a sight too independent."

Chorley struggled and spluttered without avail, as he found himself being dragged along the hall and pushed into the kitchen.

"There you are," said the military man. "You'll find your fellow's brooms and things in the corner where he left them before he went out. Just you start on the job at once. And, to make sure that you don't go out breakfasting, I shall turn the key on you."

Suiting the action to the word, the military gentleman turned the key in the lock as he went out of the room, and Chorley felt that he was in a nice predicament. He knocked at the door for a moment, but the only answer he could hear was made by the master of the house, who instructed the maid not to go near the kitchen on any account for twenty minutes, as the sweep would not be done till then, and he wasn't to have a chance of making his escape.

Chorley had no doubt that these instructions were intended as much for his own edification as anyone else's, and he decided, therefore, that it would be best to wait for the twenty minutes allowed, by which time the military gentleman might have so far recovered his senses as to be able to listen to reason, and perhaps to admit his foolish error.

Suddenly some one walked up the side passage leading to the back door, tapping the window as he passed it. Chorley looked up, and observed that the tapping had come from the delinquent sweep who was doubtless under



"Trying to bilk me out o' my job, was yer?" said the sweep angrily.

the impression that his arrival would be remarked by the maid, who he concluded was in the kitchen, and who would open the back door to him. Chorley at once ran out for the purpose. He chuckled as he thought that this accidental discovery of a back door would enable him to leave the premises without another interview with the fiery military man. If the real sweep got the scolding instead, it would do him good.

As soon as Chorley had opened the back door the sweep gave an exclamation of surprise.

"Hallo!" he cried, putting a grimy hand on Chorley's shoulder. "What's this? Trying to bilk me out o' my job, was yer?"

"How dare you talk to me like that!" exclaimed Chorley. "I—"

"Talk to yer!" shouted the sweep, now convinced that Chorley was an unscrupulous rival who had come in his absence to undersell him. "I'd lay me 'ands on yer for two pins!"

Considering the very grimy state of the man's hands, Chorley could only devoutly hope that the two pins would not be forthcoming. Not feeling disposed to stop and argue the matter out with a person of that class, he broke suddenly away and bolted towards the front gate. The sweep, however, had not done with him. He followed in pursuit, regarding Chorley's flight as clear proof of guilt. In a second he had caught up with the fugitive and had gripped him by the arm.

"I'll teach yer to come blacklegging on my pitch!" he cried angrily.

By this time, however, Chorley had grown angry himself. He tried to shake his arm free of the other's grasp, and, failing in that, closed blindly with his adversary. The two swayed for a moment and then, locked in a grimy embrace, crashed into a fine bush of laurel, mutilating it cruelly as they rolled through it to the ground. Chorley heard a feminine shriek for help from an open window, and he thought he could also recognise the voice of the military gentleman. But he was really too busy to notice much that was going on outside the laurel bush. The grimy-handed sweep was pawing his face all over, and Chorley, losing his head in the disquieting circumstances, called for help in his turn.

Then he really did hear the military gentleman's voice. He also felt the weight of a stout walking-stick.

The military gentleman had rushed out of the house in a fine state of righteous indignation at the presumption of



The military gentleman rushed out of the house in a state of righteous indignation.

these two creatures, who had come and settled their differences on his premises, and had, further, spoilt one of the laurel bushes for good.

"You scoundrels!" he cried, laying his stick on both of them indiscriminately. "I'll show you!"

"Hi!" shrieked Chorley, as a stinging cut from the stick caught him across the shoulders. "You're making a mistake! You don't know who I am!"

"You won't know who you are when I've done with you," retorted the military gentleman, punctuating his words with another slash. "Get out into the road both of you, and do your miserable scuffling there!"

The real sweep, who had not been brought up to argue with gentlemen of military rank, scrambled to his feet, and bolted. Chorley, however, was made of different stuff. He got up and announced his intention of boxing his aggressor's ears.

The military gentleman was brave enough under ordinary circumstances, but the bare idea of a possible encounter with a man in Chorley's condition sent a shudder through him. For by this time Chorley was blacker and grimmer than ever, and soot lay on his clothes to the depth of about an inch. The military gentleman could only conjecture in a dim sort of way what state he would be in if Chorley were merely to fall up against him, and as he did not feel like relying on his stick, he took the only course open to him and ran back into the house.

Chorley stood in the garden for a few moments, panting and puffing, and, as he realised his helplessness, he almost sobbed in his wrath. As, however, it became obvious that he would gain no advantage by remaining there, he slouched dimly out of the garden gate and crept home by a back way.

"Why, Henry," exclaimed Mrs. Chorley, as he walked up to his own door, "whatever is the matter? What has happened to you?"

Chorley caught sight of himself in the hall looking-glass and uttered a cry of disgust. He felt particularly sarcastic at the moment, and he replied:

"What's happened? Can't you see for yourself? I ran against a miller carrying a sack of flour, and the stuff went all over me. That's why I'm so white, and now you know!"

Mrs. Chorley, being a sensible woman, reserved her reply, and went upstairs to prepare the bathroom instead.

"PRISONER," said the judge, "you say your wife hit you on the head with a plate. Is that so?"

"Yes, sir," answered the prisoner.

"But," said the judge, "your head does not show marks of any kind."

"No, sir," responded the prisoner, with a touch of pride; "but you should have seen that plate!"

A FEW EXCEPTIONS.

THE landlady of the boarding-house stopped the guest who was leaving and said:

"Well, sir, I hope everything has been to your satisfaction while you've been with us."

"Oh, yes," said the other; "only you know that when we came and found no cupboard in our room you promised us you'd put us up some hooks, but you didn't."

"Oh, yes; I forgot—"

"And you told us you would give us a table in the dining-room to ourselves, but you didn't, you know."

"Well, but look here—"

"And you said your omnibus met the boat, but it didn't."

"Yes, but I explained—"

"You said that the place was orderly, and that the table was good; yet we haven't been able to sleep at all, and whenever we wanted a decent meal we had to go out for it."

"Why, my dear sir—"

"Yes, with these few exceptions, everything has been perfectly satisfactory, and we shall have great pleasure in telling our friends so."

A SPLENDID NEW SERIES.



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Sheffield

Where Sheffield beats
Leeds



UNIVERSITY, WESTON PARK.

"Sheffield is Merely a Village," Declares Our Leeds Contributor.

LEEDS is markedly ahead of Sheffield in many ways; indeed, it is the commercial metropolis of Yorkshire, and ranks as the fifth biggest city in the Kingdom. Sheffield is noted merely for its steel and plate manufactures, but Leeds holds predominance in many branches of industry.

Where Sheffield is content to follow two main trades, Leeds turns out every class of goods, from torpedoes to glass, from fancy earthenware to paper, from silk to soap, from bricks to clocks, from hoisery to jams, from gold leaf to sweets, and from pianos to boots.

There is no getting behind the fact that Leeds is the first town in Yorkshire, not only in point of population, but in every other respect. Its woollen trade is the biggest of any part of England, while the iron and steel trade is now as important, and in the higher branches of engineering it beats Sheffield completely.

Owing to the enormous variety of industries its citizens rank as possibly the most liberal-minded and virile of any community to be found. Sheffield is one-sided, but Leeds has so many sides to its life that there is an utter lack of the dull monotony that marks the other city. Really, it is absurd to call Sheffield a city, as, despite its size, it is still only a village, with no knowledge of citizenship.

Leeds Folk are Always Courteous.

Leeds is the ideal industrial town. We all know what the Colonial Pressman had to say of the distress and squalor of Sheffield. Judge Brampton on learning that Sheffield had been called the suburbs of Hell, declared he would prefer to live in the city itself, and nobody who knows Sheffield could be of any other opinion.

Sheffield folk are noted for their gruffness and general discourtesy, as always follows in a single-trade town. The Leeds folk, on the other hand, while extremely shrewd and keen after the main chance, will rank with any where courtesy and politeness are concerned. When it comes to gaiety—but how could anybody be joyous in Sheffield? There is a reason for Sheffielders' proverbial sourness, as there is for the "Loiners'" light-heartedness.

As regards municipal matters, Sheffield cannot hold a candle to Leeds with its sixty Corporation committees. Leeds Town Hall, erected at a cost of a quarter of a million pounds, is magnificent compared with the corresponding building at Sheffield.

While Sheffield jogs along in the same old rut, Leeds canters ahead rapidly, and nobody will be so bold as to deny that it is a long way the more enterprising and go-ahead city. Whatever Leeds undertakes it achieves successfully, and it is owing to its energy in upholding the importance of the city, that Sheffield exhibits so much petty jealousy.

Our Splendid Railway Facilities.

That Leeds beats Sheffield is not open to doubt for a moment, and it is especially significant that Leeds is preferred by the big insurance concerns for their headquarters for Yorkshire. As regards railway facilities, it completely beats Sheffield, having six large railway companies running into the city.

Leeds has every appearance which marks a great city, busy, wide streets and imposing buildings. The streets of Sheffield, or rather street, for it only possesses one worth mentioning, is chiefly noteworthy for its dead-alive appearance, and the coal and ashes which mark its centre. Why is it that practically every village has its High Street, but no town of any pretensions?

Sheffield contains about one statue, but Leeds has a magnificent City Square richly embellished by statues of its sons and overlooked by a gigantic bronze statue of the Black Prince on horseback. This is one of our most cherished possessions, and there is nothing in Sheffield at all approaching it in beauty and magnificence.

We have another public possession which throws into the shade anything possessed by Sheffield, Roundhay Park, which is not only one of the largest in the Kingdom, but which surpasses any other in sylvan beauty; a great German authority has stated that it is the finest park possessed by any people in the world.

"Leeds Ought to be Burnt Down and Rebuilt," Answers an Indignant Sheffielder.

WHILE our population is 471,000, compared to Leeds' population of 484,000, we claim that Sheffield is the most important Yorkshire town as its inhabitants are really Yorkshiremen, while an enormous number of the Leeds' inhabitants are foreign Jews. Sheffield is a city of Yorkshiremen; Leeds is not. Our population is increasing more rapidly than that of Leeds.

Sheffield is the steel capital of the world, that is, it is world-famous; this fact always jars upon Leeds people, as their town is not even known by name outside the narrow confines of these islands.

While Sheffield possesses a solid air, in keeping with its importance, Leeds has a jumbled, mix-up of every kind and description of architectural atrocities. Mr. George Bernard Shaw has said with truth that the best thing to do in the case of Leeds would be to burn it down.

Sheffield has the proud distinction of being the first town which obtained the sanction of Parliament to work its own tramways, and in many other respects it has proved itself far more enterprising than the tailoring town. Our tramway service still remains the best in the Kingdom, a service which has cost us considerably over a million sterling, and on some routes the fares are only 1d. for four miles.

Where Leeds Does Beat Us!

Our Municipal buildings may not be so showy, but they are solid and genuine, while the "marble" pillars of the Leeds Town Hall are merely grained wood—shoddy again. We are just finishing driving a tunnel in connection with our water undertaking which is believed to be the only one of its kind in the world, being four and a half miles long and six and a half feet high. We have a Corporation garden city which puts Leeds to shame. Leeds certainly is ahead of us as regards indebtedness, our public debt being only £9,000,000, though Leeds owes £12,000,000.

In another respect we admit Leeds beats Sheffield by a long way: it has the reputation of being about the fastest town in the Kingdom, and even Leeds itself is ashamed of the notoriety it has gained in this direction, hence the formation of

Purity Campaigns. Thank goodness, no such scenes can be witnessed in our High Street as disgrace Briggate and other Leeds streets on Sunday and other nights.

A fact which shows our superiority, and which never fails to make Leeds people mad with envy, is that shortly our city will be the seat of a Bishopric. Despite the extraordinary exertions made, Leeds is long likely to remain merely a portion of the Ripon Diocese.

Sheffield beats Leeds industrially, commercially, artistically, musically, and educationally, as will be seen from what follows. Industrially, it is a well-known fact that for an article to be of Sheffield manufacture is a proof throughout the wide world of its surpassing excellence; Leeds is noted for its cheap goods.

Our People Can be Entertained.

Leeds has an art gallery of a sort, but nothing to compare with our Mapping Art Gallery, with its £100,000 worth of pictures, and our world-famed Ruskin Museum. Leeds affects to sneer at us as rough and uncouth mortals, but the fact that Ruskin gave us his magnificent collection of works of art shows how little truth there is in this.

It is very significant to compare our facilities for amusement with Leeds. While we have the same number of music-halls of the first rank, we support four theatres, while two must suffice for Leeds; in love of the drama we are far ahead, the less cultured people of Leeds being incapable of appreciating any but the lightest and most inane fare. Another reason for our marked superiority in this respect is that we have the money to spend on amusement of which Leeds people must stint themselves.

When the Quakers wished to hold their annual meeting out of London for the first time in 230 years did they choose Sheffield?

No, it was Leeds, the reason given officially being "Leeds has no attractions."

When it comes to athletics, and sports generally, Leeds is simply out of the running. Think of Sheffield Wednesday and United, and of the Sheffield Handicaps. Then there are more angling societies than in any other town in the Kingdom.

NOTE.—The Editor accepts no responsibility for any of the statements made in the above articles. He has simply inserted the remarks of his correspondents in full, neither cutting out nor adding to them. Next week: "Blackpool—Douglas."

MINERS IN LIVING TOMBS.

THE shocking colliery accident at Whitehaven the other day, which resulted in the loss of 135 lives, will remain ever memorable in mining annals as being one of the few instances in which it has been found necessary to seal up an English pit while the victims were still entombed therein.

Considerable feeling, it will be remembered, was aroused owing to this course being adopted, although expert opinion was unanimous as to the impossibility of there being anybody left alive in the burning underground workings.

Having regard to the peculiar situation and extent of this particular colliery, which runs beneath the bed of the ocean for a distance of something like five miles, there is every probability that the experts are correct in their judgment. At the same time, however, it is permissible to point out that they said precisely the same thing when the Courrières Colliery, in France, blew up and took fire in the early part of the year 1906.

This also was bricked up, just as was the Wellington Pit at Whitehaven, and by these means the fire was extinguished. Three weeks were allowed to elapse, and then the pit was unsealed, and an exploring-party descended. They found nearly a thousand corpses, and thirteen living men, who had survived not only the first horrors of the explosion, but twenty-one days' entombment into the bargain.

Theirs undoubtedly constitutes the most remarkable escape ever recorded under such circumstances, although there have been some that have run it a close second. One such was the rescue, in 1877, of a number of colliers from the flooded Tynewydd Mine in South Wales, after they had been imprisoned for eleven days and all hope had been abandoned.

Another case in point occurred at Donibristle, Fifeshire, in 1901, when great faith was displayed by certain miners, who refused to believe that all hope of saving life must necessarily be abandoned, and who eventually succeeded in digging out alive six of their buried comrades out of fourteen who had been originally entombed. Mr. Andrew Carnegie was so greatly struck by the heroism of these men that he promptly presented them with £100 apiece.

Such rescues are, however, attended by terrible risks, a fact which doubtless influenced the authorities to take the drastic course they did with regard to the Wellington Pit. Over and over again, miners descending burning or flooded pits in order to try and save their imprisoned comrades have been themselves overwhelmed.

Only last year, in America, an entire rescue-party was thus lost; and at the terrible Oaks Colliery disaster, near Barnsley, when 360 colliers were killed, a band of twenty-eight searchers, led by Mr. Parkin Jeffcock, the heroic mine manager, was annihilated.

THE "HAS BEEN."

THE robber brought his sandbag down with considerable force on the head of the pedestrian, but the latter only staggered a little and passed on.

"Your money or your life!" the robber called after him impatiently.

The man instantly retraced his footsteps.

"Pardon me!" quoth he. "I knew by the feeling it was a sandbag, but I supposed it was ballast from some passing airship."

It was now the robber's turn to make apology.

"I don't blame you!" he protested. "My style of robbing is so dreadfully out of date that few, except very old-fashioned people, know what I am about until I have explained to them."

SLEEP, RESTFUL SLEEP.

"Yes," murmured the man who suffered from insomnia, "some fellow told me that if I drank three glasses of milk before going to bed I should be asleep before half an hour was up."

"I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia, I feel it to be my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details."

"First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement."

"Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in mid-air."

"While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountain side the ticket-collector came in, and I asked him when the train would reach my station."

"We passed your station four hundred years ago," he said calmly, folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

"At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centre-pole out of the ground, lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above."

"Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes."

"I'm a self-made man, I am."

"Well, there is one thing you needn't worry about."

"What is that?"

"Taking out a patent."

Pigeon-breeding pays handsomely and is a most interesting hobby. Read how to take it up in this week's issue of THE SMALLHOLDER.



Mr. P. Doubleyou Investigates a Serious Problem.

"WHY," suddenly questioned the Editor, "don't people go to church nowadays? Why is regular church-going declining—can you tell me that, Mr. P. Doubleyou?"

"I'm afraid I can't," I faltered.

"Then go and find out!" commanded He-who-must-be-obeyed, and I shut the door quietly as I crept out of his sanctum. A newspaper cutting was in my hand; it had evidently suggested the question to the editorial mind. Reading it I learned that in Wales the margin of the non-church-goers is becoming greater, numbering half-a-million; that in London churches thirty or forty men only are to be found amongst a congregation of women, and that even the attendance of women is declining.

It was my duty to discover the reasons for this depressing state of affairs.

A Clergyman's Opinion.

I first visited a clergyman of wide experience in crowded East End parishes and sparsely populated districts in the country. He had no doubt that church attendance had greatly fallen off during recent years.

"One of the chief reasons of this, in my opinion," he said, "is the growth of the week-end habit, the cheap Sunday trains to the country, and the love of pleasure. I have every sympathy with the overworked city man and the artisan who goes into the country on Sunday to get a breath of fresh air, but I consider he ought to start the day by attending a service."

"I think that the clergy are partly to blame. For years they have frowned on innocent recreations on Sunday instead of encouraging their parishioners to divide the day between healthy sport and church-going, with the result that they have alienated many earnest men."

The next victim of my inquisition happened to be the chief clerk in a Moorgate Street office. Point blank I said to him, "Why don't you go to church?" He scratched his head.

"It is this way," he at last answered. "I work jolly hard all the week. My few spare hours on Saturday afternoon are employed in doing odd jobs in the garden and helping the wife about the house. Being cooped up in an office all day I try to get as much oxygen into my lungs as possible over the week-end, and on Sunday get my bicycle out of the shed and go for a ride in the country. It benefits me physically, and doesn't injure me morally. I practise my religion without preaching it. I don't consider I should be a better man if I went to church."

His explanation seemed almost a reply to the cleric's remarks.

I next turned my attention to a busy suburban housewife.

Non-attendance at church is not so marked among women, but whole streets can be found in the suburbs in which church-going is mainly left to the children.

Husbands Must be Considered.

"Sunday is one of the most busy days in the week," said the lady I questioned. "Formerly those of us who belonged to the middle classes had at least one servant, but in these days of competition the salaries of our husbands are not what they were. Even if we can afford a servant we cannot always get one, so we have to do the work ourselves."

"Much as I like church-going, I consider that my first duty is to my husband. It is the only day in the week he is at home, so I like to make things comfortable for him. There is the dinner to get, the children to look after, and if my husband wants me to go for a walk with him I feel it would be unkind to refuse. So before I know it the day is gone and church has hardly entered my head."

My next source of information was a bachelor girl, who, with a friend equally independent, lives in a flat in the artistic quarter of London.

"I am away from home all day except Sunday," she volunteered, "and my mid-day meal consists of a cold and very plain luncheon. Staying indoors on Sunday morning enables me to cook a hot luncheon of my very own, and you can't imagine how I enjoy it. The rest of the day is spent either in visiting friends, jaunts into the country,

or reading good literature. If I had more time to myself during the week I should certainly go to church on Sunday."

Another cause of non-church-going is evidently the political parson. A resident of an old-world village remarked:

"I have every regard for my vicar. He is an excellent man, but he will introduce politics into the pulpit, and that I cannot stand, whether he is of my way of thinking or not. I get enough politics in my newspaper during the week, and can discuss the situation with my friends. A clergyman should be too busy looking after the affairs of his parish to trouble about politics."

My Visit to a Costermonger.

I next solicited the opinion of a humble costermonger. "Do you go to church?" I inquired, reproducing my nearest approach to a winning smile.

He eyed me with suspicion, and counter-inquired, "Wot's that got to do with you?"

I explained the situation.

"No, I don't," he vouchsafed. "I ain't got time. These 'ere veg-e-tables on this 'ere barrer I've growed meself on a hallotment. I spends all my time a-working of the ground and a-selling what grows. My miasus goes to church reg'lar, but there's a lot of children to keep, and my Sunday's work in the hallotment is o' more use to me than any amount of kneeling and praying."

Questioning a typical labourer, I learnt that he "couldn't stand being patronised and preached at. Church-going is all very well for the rich, but the parson will come round bothering the poor man if he goes to church, giving him tracts and telling him to give up his drop of beer. Then there is the missionary boxes and collections for the heathen, which I don't hold with."

Church-going only for the rich—this view is widely held by the poor. "They don't like the likes of me in my old clothes sitting among them fine ladies," an old dame remarked to me.

[These are, generally speaking, very good reasons for not going to church. I should like to hear what P.W. readers have to say. I will give a prize of a guinea for what I think is the best letter on the subject, "Why I don't go to Church." Letters must not contain more than 150 words, and must arrive not later than Thursday, June 2nd. Mark your envelope "Church" in the top left-hand corner.—EDITOR P.W.]

CURED BY SEA-WATER.

The latest addition to medical science is the sea-water cure, and already it has been used with great success for such ailments as insomnia and loss of appetite. Below, our artist suggests how this novel treatment may eventually end.





How Brokers Broke

Would you Like to Buy a Hundred Rubber Shares?
This Article will Tell you How it's Done.

[The rubber "boom" still continues, and members of the Stock Exchange and their clerks are working night and day. The following article describes in simple terms how stockbrokers carry on their business.]

How does a man become a member of the Stock Exchange? Well, in the first place he must have, or be able to get, a good deal of ready money, for, if elected, the new-fledged stockbroker has to "plank down" an entrance fee of 500 guineas, and his first year's annual subscription of forty guineas.

Then he must acquire at least three shares in the Stock Exchange Company. These shares, which are nominally £12 shares, are now worth £208 apiece, at which price they pay 5 per cent.

The public, however, has no chance of acquiring these shares, for they are transferable only between members.

Before election, the candidate must acquire, with the consent of the Stock Exchange Committee, a retiring or deceased member's "nomination of membership."

A "nomination" has been worth over £800, and it has been worth next to nothing. Its present value is something over £200.

Only Men, Please!

Over and above all this, the candidate, who, by the way, must not be under twenty-one, must find three sureties of £500 each, each guarantor agreeing to pay this sum, or such part as should be necessary, should the member be "hammered," i.e., fail to meet his engagements, within four years from date of admission. Altogether, the would-be stockbroker has to be pretty "solid" financially.

There is, however, a cheaper, but lengthier way of becoming a stockbroker, and that is by acting as clerk to a member.

Every member is entitled to have three of his clerks, approved of by the committee, admitted to the "House" (Exchange) to assist him in his business. The committee have the right to nominate a certain number of these clerks for membership each year from among those who have served at least four years in the "House."

A list is kept of eligible clerks; they are selected by ballot, and if elected they pay an entrance fee of 250 guineas, must find two sureties of £300 each for four years, and acquire one share in the Stock Exchange, but no "nomination" is needed.

Well, we will suppose that one way or another our candidate has been duly elected, and it is now for him to decide whether he will be a "broker" or a "jobber."

Stock Exchange Etiquette.

In either case he will want an office, and for this he will have to pay heavily. Stockbrokers making big incomes are content with one tiny room for themselves, or with a moderate-sized room, part of which is partitioned off for the clerks. Office rents in or off "the Street" (Throgmorton Street) are simply wicked.

Members of the Stock Exchange are divided into brokers and jobbers, whose relations are rather like those of solicitors and barristers.

Legal etiquette demands that a barrister shall only accept a brief through a solicitor, and, similarly, Stock Exchange etiquette requires that a "jobber" shall only deal with the public through a broker, and brokers are not supposed to deal direct with each other, but through the "jobbers." The jobber, in short, is the middle man of the Stock Exchange. On the New York Stock Exchange and most of the Continental "bourses," as they are called, there are no "jobbers." Now we will take a simple transaction, which will explain how brokers and jobbers work together. You want to buy 100 rubber shares, which we will call "Garters." First of all, how are you to get in touch with a broker?

Advertising Not Allowed.

Members of the Stock Exchange are most strictly prohibited from advertising in any shape or form, under pain of instant expulsion, and if you see a stockbroker's advertisement in the papers or receive a circular from him you may be quite sure that he is not a member of the Stock Exchange, but what is called an "outside" broker.

There may be honest outside brokers, but it is always risky to employ them, for should they make default or defraud you, you have no hold on them, as you have in the case of a member of the Stock Exchange.

A list of members of the Stock Exchange is to be obtained on application to the secretary, but the usual plan is to get an introduction to a broker from your banker, or solicitor, or from a friend who is already a client of the broker in question.

Assuming your credentials to be satisfactory, the broker takes your order to buy 100 "Garters" at or about such and such a price. He then goes or sends his "authorized clerk" into the "House."

Now the jobbers in various shares congregate in different parts of the Stock Exchange, the dealers in South African mines in one quarter, the dealers in Industrial shares in another, and so on.

The broker makes for the quarter given up to rubber

shares, and asks a jobber, "What price Garters?" "1 7-16—1 9-16," we'll say, answers the jobber. "Buy 100," says the broker. The jobber nods, and for the present the transaction is closed.

Now, the jobber's quotation meant that if you were buying "Garters," he was a seller at 1 9-16 (£1 11s. 3d.) a share, but if you were selling "Garters," then he would only give you 1 7-16 a share. He relies in the one case on being able to buy from sellers at 1 7-16 the shares he sells you at 1 9-16, and in the other case on being able to sell to buyers at 1 9-16 the shares he buys from you at 1 7-16. The difference, 2-16, or 2s. 6d. a share, is his profit, or "turn," as it is called.

The broker, on the other hand, makes his profit by charging you commission on the shares he procures or gets sold for you. This commission varies. In the case of £1 shares it is usually 3d. a share. Over this transaction you would have to pay him 100 threepences = £1 5s.

The jobber appears to have the more profitable time of it, but then he may go for days without getting a single order from a broker. Also he may not always be able to make his "turn."

You have got your 100 "Garters"; when will you have to pay for them? That depends on the settlement. There are two settlements a month, as nearly as possible a fortnight apart.

Each settlement occupies four days, but the last day or Settling Day is the one which most concerns you.

If you have bought your Garters to keep and draw dividends on, the transaction is simple. Shortly before Settling Day you receive a bill from your broker for 100 Garters at 1 9-16, plus his commission and stamp duty. You pay him, and the day after Settling Day you receive the certificates for your shares.

But perhaps you have bought as a speculation, hoping to be able to sell your shares at a profit before you have to pay for them at the settlement.

"Making Up Day."

Say you buy on the 3rd of the month and the settlement begins on the 12th. At any time before then, though you have not got the shares, you can deal with them as if they belonged to you.

We will say you are lucky, and that by the 6th, Garters have risen to 1 13-16—1 15-16. You decide to take your profit, and tell your broker to sell your Garters, which he does to a jobber at 1 13-16. You bought at 1 9-16, you sell at 1 13-16, your profit is 4-16, or 5s. a share, or £25 in all, and on Settling Day your broker will send you a cheque for this amount, less commission and stamp duty. Delightfully simple!

But supposing Garters fall, there are two courses open to you; you can either sell at once at a loss, or wait till the settlement in the hope that they will rise again.

Say Garters fall to 1 3-16—1 5-16, and you decide to sell at 1 3-16. On each share you lose 6-16 (1 9-16—1 3-16) or 7s. 6d. a share, or £37 10s. in all; and this, plus charges, you must pay up at the Settlement.

If, on the other hand, you decide to "hang on," then during the settlement, on what is called "Making Up Day," the final price of the shares for that settlement is struck, and all transactions still open are settled at that price. The final price of Garters, we'll say, is 1 8-16. You bought at 1 9-16, and you lose 1s. 3d. a share. You pay the difference and hope for better luck next time. In either of these transactions the shares never come into your possession.

There is a third way of dealing, by which at the settlement your broker, in consideration of your paying a certain rate of interest called "contango," will arrange that you need neither pay for the shares nor close the bargain and pay your losses, but can keep the account until the next settlement in the hope that before then the shares will have risen. This is called "carrying over," because your account, instead of being closed or settled, is carried over until the next settlement.

"I HOPE our Jim will turn out to be neat and systematic," said Mrs. Hampstead.

"I should think he will," answered her husband. "There couldn't be anything neater or more systematic than his applications for money."

THE REPLY.

THE head of a well-known public school, in his moments of relaxation, tells the following story at his own expense: One summer, some years ago, he spent a holiday of several weeks' duration at a farmhouse. The next season he received a letter from the farmer's wife inquiring if he would like to return.

In reply he stated that he would be very glad to pass another summer holiday with her, provided some needed changes were made about the place.

"First," he wrote, "your maid, Mary, is *persona non grata*, being anything but neat and orderly in her ways, and if she is still with you, I trust you will at least not allow her to wait at the table."

"Secondly, I would suggest that the sanitary conditions of your place would be greatly improved if the pigsty were moved back a few yards farther from the house, or done away with altogether."

"I will wait until I hear from you before deciding about coming."

He was reassured by the receipt of the following reply: "Mary has went. We haven't had no hogs on the place since you was here last summer. Be sure and come."



The Coming Cotton Famine

Can the Southern States Continue to Supply Our Huge Demands?

FIFTY-EIGHT years ago the great cotton expert of the time, Mr. Bazley, publicly warned the country, and Lancashire especially, against the foolishness of trusting entirely to the Southern States of America for our entire supply of raw cotton. Eight years later his forebodings were fulfilled. The Southern States seceded from the Union, their ports were blockaded, and the supply of cotton fell from sixteen hundred to less than five hundred millions of pounds.

The result was appalling. Within a very short space of time 350,000 persons out of Lancashire's total population of about four millions were in receipt of poor relief or of charitable support. By December, 1862, a quarter of a million hands were out of work and half as many more on half time. Hardly any mills were working full time, and the loss to the labouring classes was estimated at twelve millions a year, while the loss to the country at large was put at no less than forty millions yearly.

The Cotton King's Prophecy.

In the great Lancashire cotton towns during these awful winters men and women and little children starved to death, and that in spite of the fact that charitable people subscribed nearly two millions to help them, and that a special Act of Parliament was passed to enable relief works to be put in hand.

That cotton famine cost this country a hundred millions in hard cash, and misery and suffering that cannot be counted in money. Are we going to have a repetition of the disaster? Mr. Patten, the so-called "Cotton King," declares that by next September our Lancashire mills will be closing down for lack of cotton. Without trusting too much to the prophecy of a man who, by his own confession, is trying to corner this all-important commodity, let us see whether there are any substantial grounds for expecting another great cotton famine.

In spite of the warning which we had between 1860 and 1864, we have still continued to depend upon the States for the chief part of our supply. Roughly speaking, Europe at large gets 5,000 million pounds' weight of cotton from America, while Egypt, the next best cotton exporting country, sends out only one-eleventh of that amount, and India only 400 million pounds.

Brazil Can't Grow Enough.

Egypt cannot grow any more than it does at present, at least, not until the area of irrigated land is largely increased; while as for India, although she does grow a very large amount of cotton, she keeps most of it for use in her home factories. India to-day is becoming one of the greatest of cotton manufacturing countries.

Brazil grows a small amount of cotton, about enough, if we bought the whole crop, to run the Lancashire mills for a month. Africa is beginning to grow cotton, but it will be years before the supply is worth taking into serious consideration. There are no other sources of supply which are worth mentioning.

The United States has become a cotton manufacturing country like ourselves. Their factories are increasing every year, and already they are working up into fabrics more than half of their own output.

To-day this output is falling. The cotton lands of the South are largely worked out; the seed is deteriorating, and to make matters worse a frightfully destructive insect called the boll weevil is ravaging the plantations. Beginning in Texas, this detestable insect, which is the larva of a sort of moth, has spread all through the cotton belt, and every year the area of its depredations increases.

Cotton Plants Killed by Frost.

Last year's cotton crop was one of the smallest which has been seen in the States for many years. It was under fourteen million bales. Owing to the disastrous April frost which killed the young cotton plants as far south as the Mississippi river, and which will make it necessary to replant tens of thousands of acres, the crop for 1910 will, it is estimated, drop below the ten million mark.

If this is a fact, and there seems little doubt of the truth of the forecast, the States will have only just enough cotton for their own use, and what are our mills going to do? Even if they could corner the supply from the whole of the rest of the world, they would not have enough to keep their looms running. Already the price is jumping. Long staple cotton is selling in New Orleans for £30 a ton.

Cotton, it must be remembered, is used for many purposes besides making shirts and sheets and dress materials. Last year 350,000 bales, each weighing four hundred pounds, were worked up into motor-tyres. Hoods for motors use up a huge quantity. Cotton is used for underclothes instead of wool, for flannel substitutes, even for blankets. One shudders to contemplate what will happen if a second cotton famine becomes a brutal fact.



The House of the Siren.

By W. HOLT WHITE, Author of "Mymms the Dreamer."

THE STORY SO FAR.

The balloon swoops down, bearing the man and woman it carries nearer towards the sea—towards death.

Cleo van Dean is the woman. She is an American widow, who has come to London with the best credentials. Her stupendous wealth and staggering beauty have taken the town by storm, and hardly a man can resist her. Only one thing about her advent is wrapped in mystery. Cleo van Dean gives dinners, and routs, and suppers, but these affairs never take place at her house—the big, gloomy house which she has rented in Regent's Park—the house which has already earned for itself the title of "The House of the Siren." Mrs. van Dean gives all her social functions at some fashionable hotel.

Gerald Dunster, Guardsman and man-about-town, is the other occupant of the balloon. He is one of Cleo's victims, madly, desperately in love with her.

Only that morning, at Cleo's bidding, he has broken off his engagement with his cousin, Marjorie Dunster, published it in the daily papers, and arranged this balloon trip with Cleo.

And this is the result. Dunster takes off his cap, coat, and waistcoat, and hurles them into the sea. Next he unlaces his boots, and these follow. For a moment the balloon rises.

Cleo is perfectly calm, and her voice is full of gentle raillery as she asks: "Do you think we shall make France?"

Gerald looks towards the coast, showing dimly in the south-east. "No," he answers. "I'm afraid not."

Then, to Dunster's unspeakable horror, Cleo laughs and carelessly suggests that if only the basket is lightened by one of them the balloon may make France.

A glimpse at her face reveals the terrible truth. Cleo wants him to save her at the sacrifice of his own life.

"Gerald," she says wistfully, "you will not let me drown—you will not kill me?"

And Gerald Dunster, with the cry of "Marjorie" on his lips, leaps on to the edge of the basket and jumps off into the sea. Released of his weight the balloon rises and sweeps on rapidly towards France.

Leslie Markham, actor-manager, *matinée* idol, and man of wealth and good family, has two hobbies. One is his love of antiques, the other the fiendish joy he takes in playing the part of Sherlock Holmes.

He knew Gerald and Marjorie Dunster, and has also taken a great interest in the stories circulated about the widow. When he learns of the terrible balloon tragedy, he decides to make Cleo's acquaintance, much to the annoyance of his loyal friend Jimmy Britton, and see that she does no more harm. With this intention he attends a reception given at Lytham House in her honour by the young Duke and Duchess of Bury.

Cleo is surrounded by male admirers when the Duchess introduces him. Among the admirers, Markham notices young, bright-eyed, Lord Kenway, and Christopher Hollford, morose and sullen. He does not dream of the tragedy which surrounds these two men, but finds himself coldly bowing to the most beautiful woman he has ever seen.

Before they part, Cleo asks him to call on her, but Markham takes a bold course and declines. However, at her request, he sees her to a waiting carriage. As the brougham drives off an unkempt, strange-looking figure shambles out of the shadows.

"Do you love Cleo?" he asks. "Take care, Mr. Markham. She's a woman of death."

He moves away.

Instead of going straight home, Markham re-enters Lytham House, and eventually goes to the Garrick Club for a chat with an old friend, David Walsham, Bishop of Bermondsey. The Bishop is also madly in love with Cleo, and he tells his friend of his sad plight. It is long past midnight before they part, and as Markham passes the Albany on his way home a man rushes out and blunders into him. The man is Hollford; his shirt-front is covered with blood.

The first thing that catches Markham's eye in his morning's paper is the big-typed headline:

"MURDER AT THE ALBANY."

MYSTERIOUS ASSASSINATION OF LORD KENWAY.

On the instant Markham recalls Hollford's hurried exit the night before. And then like a live thing there interposes itself between his eyes and the newspaper the face of Cleo van Dean cold, cruel, and sinister.

He reads the full description of the crime, dresses, and then hurries off to the Albany.

The case is in the hands of Inspector Coates, of Scotland Yard, and he, knowing something of Markham's reputation, welcomes him gladly.

The murder has been committed with a stiletto, and the

only clue is a twisted heart or C, it might be either, cut behind Lord Kenway's ear.

Markham has hardly got over his surprise at this when a young constable announces that a woman—Mrs. van Dean—wishes to see the officer in charge.

Markham takes the bull by the horns and purposely lies. He informs the Inspector that Mrs. van Dean has really only come to see him.

She is shown into a private room, and when Markham first enters she is taken off her guard. She soon regains her composure, and her face changes from jaded fear and horror to scorn, venom, and deadly hate.

She asks Markham to aid in discovering Kenway's murderer, pleading that he must be found as they were engaged to be married.

But Markham is not to be put off; he asserts that this is a falsehood, and when he notices a heart-shaped locket she is wearing, similar to the symbol behind Kenway's ear, he steps forward and grasps it.

Cleo falls in a huddled mass at his feet. On her recovery he sees her home.

His next step is to call on Hollford. To his amazement Hollford is expecting him. He murdered Kenway, so he asserts, and cut the sign behind his ear as a warning to Cleo's enemies.

He insists that she is a much-wronged woman, but refuses to tell Markham her story. Instead he dashes into an inner room. Markham follows, but is too late. There is a report of firearms, and when he gains the room Hollford is dead.

CHAPTER SEVEN. Friends or Enemies?

ALMOST before he had time to ascertain that Hollford was dead, Markham heard the sound of footsteps running up the stairs.

A moment later the door was flung open and Hollford's servant rushed into the room.

"What's the matter, sir?" the man cried. "What's the matter?"

"Hush," said Markham shortly. "Mr. Hollford is dead. He has shot himself. Call a cab and go down at once to the Albany, where you will probably find Chief-Inspector Coates. If he is not there, go on at once to Scotland Yard and tell them to send a man up here immediately."

The man darted at Markham an extraordinary look—a look of suspicion.

Markham smiled at him. "Do as I tell you at once," he

van Dean was not the woman of guilt he thought her to be. And, as he realised this, Markham suffered a sharp struggle with himself—a struggle between regret at the succession of tragedies in which he was becoming involved, and a species of grim satisfaction that he was at last confronted with a problem which called for the concentration of all his remarkable faculties.

For a moment, before he settled down to the serious consideration of the affair, he allowed himself a pang of regret for his friend Jimmy Britton.

It seemed to him that for the while he must inevitably throw up his position of actor-manager and *matinée* idol. The murder of Lord Kenway and the suicide of Lord Kenway's murderer called for full attention. Yet, a moment later, Markham wondered if he would be wise altogether to abandon his theatrical activities.

Mrs. Cleo van Dean, according to herself and according to Hollford, had enemies, and Mrs. van Dean apparently had friends. Markham had not the slightest doubt, now that Hollford had acted as one of that amazing woman's friends, when he had murdered Kenway. Indeed, however great his crime, Hollford must have been a friend devoted even to the point of laying down his own life in Mrs. van Dean's mysterious cause.

Markham then tried to discover his own position. He felt himself strong and knew that his mental and physical resources were great; and yet he dreaded lest he should be ground to pieces between the upper millstone of Mrs. van Dean's unknown friends and the nether millstone of her enemies.

Who were her friends and who were her enemies? He saw that it must be his first object to obtain light on this point, for, unless he went to Cleo and offered to place his services at her disposal, how could he hope to fathom the secret of her friendships and of her enemies? And that those friendships and those enmities were deep and passionate he already had ample proof. Yet he could not go to Mrs. van Dean.

Why? Because, he told himself quite frankly, he would not trust himself. Mrs. van Dean's cause might be righteous or it might be unrighteous. And Markham, when he thought of that amazing woman's wonderful face, and the glamour of her personality, did not feel quite sure that, having once gone to her in the guise of friendship, he could escape a spell which might involve him in wrong-doing and disaster.

He decided, therefore, to stand aside for a while and watch. Yes, he would stand aside for a time and watch—but watch whom? Could he watch Mrs. van Dean?

It seemed a doubtful possibility, and in any case he would be one against many—one against many of her friends and one against many of her enemies. He was like a man groping in the dark. And though he groped mentally for an hour, until the valet came back with Coates, he found not one ray of light. For the first time in his life he felt a little shaken, a little apprehensive.

The Inspector he saw alone, and at once took a bold line.

"Coates," he said, "Captain Hollford has shot himself, and shot himself because he murdered Lord Kenway."

"Good Heavens, sir," stammered the detective. "Surely you don't mean that?"

"I do," said Markham, and for once casting aside his manner of mystification, he told the detective simply and plainly how, purely by accident, he had met Hollford running out of the Albany fresh from his crime.

"I see, sir, I see," said Coates stupidly, "and so, of course, after you had taken poor Mrs. van Dean home, you came here and taxed Mr. Hollford with the murder."

"Quite so," said Markham, "and then, before I could prevent it, he dashed into the other room and shot himself."

"And did he give no explanation—no excuse?"

"None," said Markham; "absolutely none."

"And what are we going to do now?"

"Hold an inquest," said Markham, "I suppose, at which, apparently, I must be the principal witness."

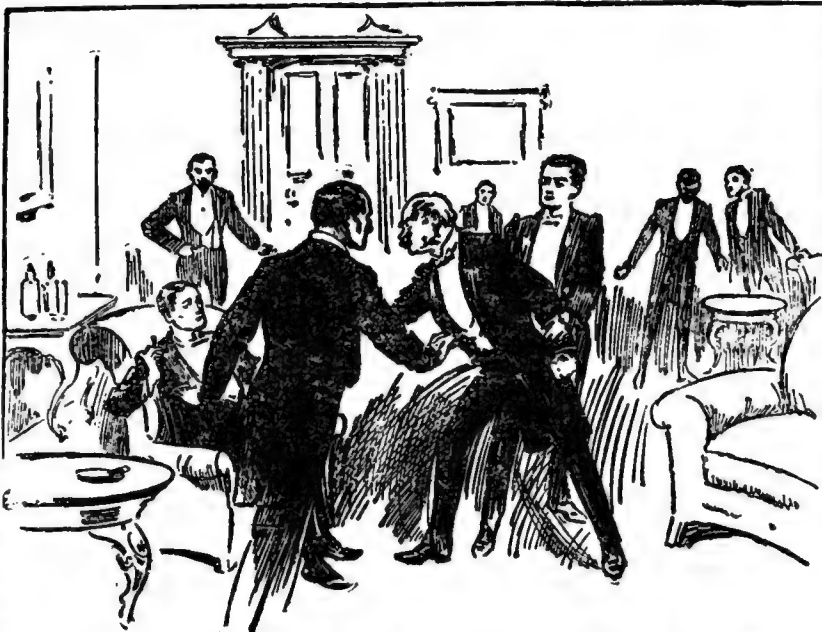
That was the end of the little conclave, but it was not the end of the matter so far as Markham's dealings with the police went.

From Bruton Street he drove down to Scotland Yard, and there interviewed the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department. Sir Alexander Hetford was an old friend of his.

"Hetford," he said, "there's a great deal more in this business than meets the eye; certainly a good deal more than has met the eye of your good man, Mr. Coates. You know me and you know that I'm obstinate, and I'm going to be obstinate now. I'm going to refuse absolutely to tell you what I know, and what Mr. Coates does not know."

"You have got to trust me and leave it to me to disentangle the various problems which are involved by Hollford's murder of Lord Kenway. I do not wish to pose as a particularly great or clever amateur detective; chance has thrown certain facts in my way, and those facts I propose to test. I can only do so if you will be content for the moment to leave this matter to me."

"All right," said Sir Alexander. "Go ahead. Coates can, of course, go on worrying along his own lines of inquiry,



Hardly were the words out of Markham's mouth than a dozen men leapt threateningly to their feet.

said. "And tell me why you stare at me in that way. Do you think I am the sort of man to kill your master?"

"No, sir; no, sir, certainly not," the valet answered, and vanished from the room.

Markham, knowing how strict were the requirements of the police and also that it might be better in his own interests not in any way to disturb the corpse, left Hollford huddled on the floor as he was.

He then went back to the sitting-room, and sat down, while he watched for the arrival of Coates to sum up the situation.

Hollford's words just before he had shot himself, while they occasioned Markham untold fields for speculation, conveyed nothing definite. Indeed, the only definite impression on which Markham had to go was that Hollford had spoken the truth.

Hollford had declared that if he would only pursue his inquiries, Markham would in the end come to find that Cleo

and if anything comes of his investigations which I think will be of help, I will let you know. We haven't given up all hope, you know, of getting you down to the Yard as one of our permanent people, although, of course, you are too rich to justify our having any hopes of the sort.

"Still," the Chief of the Criminal Investigation Department continued, "I assure you that we are grateful when we get help from you at all. We won't interfere with you or ask you awkward questions, and we will see that you are not asked over-awkward questions at the inquest."

The inquest provided the most profound sensation which London had experienced for many years.

Markham gave his evidence simply, and apparently openly. He was loath to blacken Hollford's name more than he need, but he told quite frankly how he had met him running out of the Albany directly after the murder, how he had taxed him with the crime, and how Hollford had shot himself.

He told this story with the deliberate purpose of letting Cleo van Dean herself, and Cleo van Dean's friends, and Cleo van Dean's enemies know that he was interested in the affair.

Asked what motive he could possibly advance for the crime, Markham merely shrugged his shoulders and declared that he could furnish no theory whatsoever. He kept the secret of the heart-shaped "C" to himself, and Sir Alexander Hefforde had set such a seal on Coates' lips that the facts concerning that remarkable symbol were withheld from a wondering and a mystified world.

Jimmy Britton, Markham's friend and manager, was, of course, terrified at first lest the great actor should absent himself from the theatre on his quest of crime. But Markham, to Britton's unutterable joy, played his parts regularly night after night. Markham felt that he would be watched, and determined, by strict attention to his own particular business, to lull, if possible, the suspicions of those whom he knew must be watching him.

The world talked and raved and wondered for a week. Then the interest in Lord Kenway's murder and Hollford's subsequent suicide waned.

A few days later Markham heard quite by accident that his young friends, the Duke and Duchess of Bury, were holding a great house-party at their seat in Hertfordshire, at which Cleo van Dean was to be numbered among the guests. Markham rang up Hilda, the Duchess, and invited himself.

He had his own reasons for not approaching the Duke, and those reasons lay in the fact that already rumour was busy with the young Duke's name and that of Cleo van Dean. And Markham desired to help his little friend the Duchess. He vowed to himself that at least he would save her from suffering through her husband, at the hands of Cleo.

Fortunately all mention of Cleo van Dean's visit to Kenway's rooms had been kept back from the newspapers. Not even her acquaintances in Society knew of it. If they had, it is doubtful whether the Duchess would have tolerated her presence at Bury Castle.

Markham arrived with his bags at that lazy hour between tea-time and dinner. The time of year being June, there were practically no sports except golf to take the men abroad, and when he entered the great hall he found a score of men clustered about Cleo.

Among those men Markham instantly noted the Duke, young Frank Beauville, and Baron Steinheim, of the German Embassy. He looked round quickly in search of the Duchess, but could see no trace of her.

Kitty Blake, the Duchess' sister, sat apart, looking a little dull and lonesome, and talking to three or four women. At Markham's entrance she rose up to greet him, and shook hands warmly.

"Oh, Leslie," she said, "I'm so awfully glad you've come. It was so good of you to think of us. Hilda's got a headache, and is having tea by herself upstairs, you know, in what she calls her work-room. And she said that the moment you came you could go upstairs. She wants to have a chat with you."

There had been some general stir at Markham's advent, but now he looked from Kitty towards Cleo—Cleo in a soft, clinging afternoon gown. He noted the glint of her copper hair, and the glint of her green eyes.

Her green eyes met his, and though he was at some distance from her, he could see the pupils dilate as though in terror.

But the dilation of her pupils was momentary; her terror apparently passed as quickly as it came. Indeed, Mrs. van Dean rose and moved languorously forward. And this indeed was an astonishing thing for her to do; as a rule, she made men go to her.

"Mr. Markham," she cried, "I can't tell you how pleased I am to see you. Surely your visit is quite unexpected?"

"I think it is," said Markham, with a smile, and there was meaning in his eyes.

He and Mrs. van Dean exchanged a few more sentences, and then he laughingly bowed himself away with the excuse that he would seek his hostess.

Markham went up the great staircase, and made his way to the Duchess' big harum-scarum, untidy sitting-room.

She was lying on a sofa as he entered, but she jumped up when she saw him, and ran to him with outstretched hands:

"Oh, Leslie," she exclaimed, "this is really jolly. I'm so glad you asked yourself. It wasn't that I'd overlooked you, but somehow— isn't it funny?—I thought that you didn't like Mrs. van Dean."

"Well, what if I don't?" said Markham. "Do you mind?"

"Mind, my dear man," said the Duchess. "It pleases me. Thank Heaven, we shall have one man in the house who isn't crazy about her."

"Of course," she rattled on, "she's all the go, and all that, and I think she's divinely beautiful, and frightfully fascinating, and brilliant, and all the rest of it, but do you know, I don't think I like her."

Markham thought of the young Duke's fair, curly head, the Duke's fresh, eager face bent towards Cleo as he had entered the great hall. He nodded.

"Of course," the Duchess went on, "it's quite the right thing to have men dangle about after you, and I don't mind Cleo monopolising all the men in the least, but, at the same time, I feel awfully sorry about Kitty. You know she and Frank ought to be together now they are engaged, and

I can't help feeling that Frank is becoming infatuated with the van Dean?"

Markham noted with pain that the little Duchess' face was pale and worried.

"However," said the Duchess, brightening, "we've got you, at any rate, and somehow you always seem to put things right. Thank Heaven, there aren't any Cabinet Ministers or tiresome people of that sort in the house now—in fact, you're the biggest swell among the men, and you will have to take Cleo into dinner."

"Surely," said Markham, with a kindly smile, but at the same time asking questions which would enable him to see how the land lay, "surely that should be Bill's business."

The Duchess flushed a trifle. "Not while you're here," she said. "My rule is that it's the duty of the host to yield up the principal lady guest to the principal man guest."

At this moment there sounded the big bell in the turret—the warning to dress for dinner.

"Good Heavens!" cried the little Duchess. "I have only half-an-hour, and it takes me an hour to dress. I will see you by-and-by. For goodness' sake go now."

Markham went. He went to his room thoughtfully and was thoughtful while he dressed. And one thought more engrossing and more disturbing than any other constantly perplexed him. What was Cleo van Dean's fascination for men? He realised he could not discover it unless he too consented to become blindly obedient to her spell.

That he resolved he would not do.

When they were dressed the Duke of Bury's guests assembled in the great hall again and were duly paired off.

Cleo took Markham's arm without a word, without a smile. Markham half-expected that as her arm closed within his own, he would experience a little thrill. Nor was he disappointed. He felt a distinct magnetic feeling. It had no effect on him, but why he felt it he could not tell. He wondered what Cleo's attitude would be during dinner, and he laughed to himself when he found that she steadily ignored him.

Cleo conversed with her companion on the right. Markham was quite content. He had no vanity to wound, and, if he had, then he would have comforted himself with the reflection that after all it was a distinction to be ignored by Mrs. van Dean.

So he occupied himself with eating, and quietly watching the faces of those who sat opposite him down the long table.

Immediately vis-à-vis Cleo was a dark, alert, nervous man with a close-clipped black beard and haggard, anxious black eyes; haggard, anxious black eyes which were almost constantly bent on Cleo.

Cleo that night was gorgeous and graceful and calm. The sea-green tone of her dress set off the copper of her hair, and the strange, slumberous green eyes. Markham felt that he was to her as though he had never been—as though he had never experienced that brief but dreadful interview with her in the room next to which lay the murdered Kenway.

He admired her calm, her easiness, her graciousness, and yet suffered a certain anxiety. He realised to the full that this wonderful self-possession of Cleo's amounted almost to genius.

The dessert was reached before she turned to him, but then her eyes were laughing.

"Well, Mr. Markham," she said, "you seem an exceedingly glum person. I was given to understand that you were gay and attractive and a great conversationalist."

There was more than railery in her voice. Her tone was a mock.

"Given opportunity," said Markham, with a faint smile, "I'll do my best to live up to such a reputation. But you must admit that I have had small opportunity to-night."

"To tell you the truth," he went on, "I have been deeply interested in the black-haired gentleman opposite. Who is he?"

Cleo raised her bronze eyebrows at him.

"Oh," she said, "what a person to be interested in. He is my doctor—Doctor Vantini. I always take him with me."

She dismissed the subject as if she spoke of a lackey.

After dinner Markham watched the progress of events with careful eyes. Some of the women sang, but no one listened to them—at least, not the men. The men, as usual, clustered about Cleo, and Markham observed, with a steadily rising, but frigid anger, that the Duke's infatuation for Mrs. van Dean was not merely pronounced but blatant.

And Frank Beauville, too, who should have been at Kitty's side, was not there. He, too, was paying court to the mysterious American.

Markham, with an ease which betrayed no set design, gathered the Duchess and Kitty together and chatted on family matters till it became bedtime for the women.

Afterwards, in the smoking-room, the talk—though it should not have done so—drifted towards the apparently inevitable subject of Mrs. van Dean. There was a chorus of praise, of admiration, of wonder.

Markham, smoking and holding his whisky-and-soda in his hand, listened attentively.

Mrs. van Dean, according to Hollford, had enemies and had friends. Who among the men assembled were her enemies, and who were her friends? Then there came to him a sudden quick resolve to fathom that question.

The big German Baron von Steinheim declared in a big, guttural, rumbling voice that Cleo was wonderful, that she was divine.

This gave Markham his opportunity, and he seized it. In contravention to every canon of hospitality and good taste, he turned to the eager Baron and said coolly in clear-cut tones, which were distinctly audible to every man present:

"Do you? She may be. Personally, I think she is an exceedingly dangerous woman."

A dozen voices cried out in protest, and a dozen men leaped to their feet.

The Baron shook off the outstretched, restraining hand of the Duke, and jumped forward.

"Sir," he shouted to Markham, "you shall answer for this. You shall learn that Mrs. van Dean has friends."

"Apparently," said Markham, looking about him at the hot, angry faces—"apparently she has. I should say that there were about a dozen or so in this room."

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Vantini, the Mysterious.

INWARDLY Markham's heart rose. He had been guilty of bad manners—he had been guilty of the worst possible form. But his heart rose. He had discovered Mrs. van Dean's friends.

His quick glance tabulated them as he confronted them. There was the Baron, of course; there was the Duke; there was Frank Beauville; there was Doctor Vantini; there was Tom Bootham; there was Hasberry of the Guards; there was George Plannington of the Diplomatic Service; there was young Lord Jasper Winters. These, by their very anger, seemed to be the most devoted of Cleo's friends, and, therefore, his most pronounced enemies. Of the others he took little heed.

The Duke thrust himself before the angry Baron: "Really, Markham," he cried, "I think you have gone too far. I must ask you to apologise. Mrs. van Dean is my guest, and I cannot possibly allow any man in my house to use such language as you have used towards her."

Markham was ready for apology. He had foreseen that it would be necessary.

"I'm sorry," he said; "extremely sorry. I'll admit at once that I have said something which no gentleman should have said. I owe you, Bury, an apology, because you are my host and Mrs. van Dean's host, and, if I may say so, I respect the anger of these gentlemen. What I have said is an outrage, and I retract it."

The young Duke looked round him with a flushed, anxious face.

"Look here, you fellows," he said, "I'm sure Markham made a slip and is sorry for it. For goodness' sake don't let us have any bother about it. He has apologised handsomely enough. Let us forget it."

There was a general murmur of assent, though Baron von Steinheim still growled in his beard.

Markham looked about him appealingly.

"I sincerely hope you will all forgive me," he said. "I know I said what I should not have said, and I see that I have put my foot in it badly. If you will only do as Bury asks you, and overlook this faux pas of mine, I'll not offend again. Meantime, of course, I can't be particularly acceptable to you, so if Bury will excuse me, I will go off to bed." He finished his whisky-and-soda, lit a cigarette, held out his hand to his host, which his host warmly grasped, nodded good night to the other men, and strolled away.

As he walked up the broad staircase, he was conscious that someone was following. He glanced back over his shoulder and saw Vantini. He waited for Cleo's doctor to draw level with him. Then he took Vantini's elbow in a familiar and yet apologetic grasp.

"Doctor Vantini," he said, "I owe you a special apology. Believe me, I can quite understand how devoted anyone could become to Mrs. van Dean. Quite apart from your obvious devotion, I recognise how difficult I made your position just now."

"Mr. Markham," said Vantini, searching Markham's face with his dark, restless, piercing eyes, "although you extend to me these apologies, I feel that in your heart you still believe that you were justified in what you said."

Markham would have protested, but Vantini held up his hand.

"No! No!" cried the Doctor. "Say nothing more. I know and I understand, too. The only thing that perplexes me is whether you made that remark with a purpose."

"If you think that I made that remark with a purpose," said Markham, "you must be a man who thinks very deeply. And you must be a man who finds himself in great trouble."

Vantini smiled, and shrugged his light Italian shoulders.

"If Mr. Markham will pardon me saying so, I think that Mr. Markham also thinks deeply."

"Perhaps," said Markham thoughtfully.

"Well, at any rate," said Vantini, "I am sure that in this house at least Mr. Markham has discovered Mrs. van Dean's friends."

Markham started a little, but betrayed no other sign of surprise. "Well," he asked, "and what if I have?"

"Only," rejoined the Doctor, "that I wish you were numbered among them."

Without another word the Italian bowed and slipped away like a shadow down the corridor.

The following day was Sunday, and the household rose late. Indeed, there was no general reassembly of the guests until lunch-time, which was a promiscuous meal.

Markham elected to sit by the Duchess, and afterwards they strolled out into the park. Nothing definite presented itself on which Markham's mind could close, and yet he was conscious everywhere about the household there seemed a strange spirit of unrest, a strange attitude of restraint. A dozen times he told himself that this notion of his was pure delusion; a dozen times his trend of mind assured him he was correct in his suspicions.

When he found himself at last alone with the Duchess, he turned to her and said point-blank:

"I suppose you heard that I made a hideous blunder in the smoking-room last night?"

"Did you?" asked the Duchess, staring at him open-eyed. "What was it? I heard nothing about it."

This confirmed Markham's idea that things were just then a little strained between Hilda and the Duke. Obviously, Bury had told his wife nothing.

"It wasn't much," said Markham quietly, "but I happened to remark that I considered Mrs. van Dean a dangerous person."

The Duchess' face grew a trifle pale.

"Oh, Leslie!" she cried. "Did you say that? You're a very bad boy to have said it, but in some ways I don't blame you. I don't mind telling you that I'm already heartily sick of Mrs. van Dean. I almost wish that I'd never asked her down to the Castle for the week-end."

"Tell me," said Markham, ignoring this remark. "Who and why is Dr. Vantini? Isn't it rather a curious thing for a woman to travel about with a medical man?"

"Well, I suppose it is," admitted the Duchess, "but, to tell

(Continued at foot of next page.)

WHETHER the Whitehaven disaster was preventable or the result of risks that cannot be eliminated from coal-mining, it would be improper to surmise at this stage, when the original cause of the calamity is unknown and probably never will be known.

All colliery accidents, however, may be divided into those that are the result of wilful negligence and those that really are accidents, unavoidable in even the best-regulated mines.

The former class, again, may be subdivided into those caused by the miners, and those for which the dreadful responsibility rests with the employers.

There is the miner who, in defiance of the regulations and despite careful searching, manages to take matches down into the pit and uses them there.

There is the miner who, by means best known to himself, succeeds in opening his locked safety-lamp, and does so in a working where there is fire damp (a highly explosive gas) about.

The Danger of Firing Shots.

There is the miner, too, who, after the danger-signal shows inside the gauze of his safety-lamp, goes on working, though he knows that any moment a frightful explosion may come as the result of his criminal foolhardiness.

Then, again, criminal recklessness in "firing shots" is another cause of explosions.

To fire a shot, a hole is drilled in the coal-seam. In this a blasting cartridge is inserted, and is then exploded by means of electricity or a fuse.

Naturally everybody clears out of the way except the men engaged in firing the shot, and the latter have special recesses to which they can retreat.

Now the chief danger in firing a shot is that a flame may spurt out backwards from the cartridge and explode fire-damp if it is present.

Therefore it is essential that, after the cartridge has been put in, the hole should be stopped up with wet clay or something that will prevent flame issuing from the hole.

If there is one thing that the miner is forbidden to use for "stemming" the cartridge, as the process is termed, that is coal dust, which is in itself as inflammable as gas. Nevertheless, the reckless miner will deliberately stem the shot-hole with coal dust, rather than take the trouble of getting clay or rock.

Turning to employers, the criminal niggard will keep his men short of timber for the proper shoring-up (supporting) of the roofs of the roadways. The pressure on the roof from above is terrific, and very strong woods, such as oak, have to be used for the baulks, and these come expensive.

Then, properly to ventilate a mine is a tremendous and



What Miners have to Fear

A Timely Article in View of the Terrible Whitehaven Disaster.

is mined, and these have to be swept away. In short, a whirlwind has to be forced throughout the mine, and in a large mine from 150,000 to 300,000 cubic feet of air will be passed through the workings every minute.

Or, again, employers may fail in their responsibility for providing adequate pumping for a wet mine, or, which is equally important, keeping a dry and dusty mine well-watered.

But even in properly-conducted mines accidents happen as the result of risks which the miner always has before him.

Falls of the roof cause many deaths. It is true that these are often the result of carelessness, and in this connection that great colliery owner, Earl Fitzwilliam, once told an instructive story. He was down one of his mines, and, noticing that the roof where a man was working was not properly secured, he pointed out his danger and showed him how to place additional supports; Lord Fitzwilliam is a very practical miner. The man neglected the warning, and an hour or so later the roof fell in and killed him.

To even the most careful and experienced of miners, however, a fall of the roof is an ever-present source of peril. It may give without the slightest warning, as the result of sudden subsidence or shifting of the limestone, clay, sandstone, etc., which lie above the coal measures.

Danger from the Sea.

Or the miner may put his pick through the roof or side into a hole full of gas which, rushing out, overpowers him before he can get away, and perhaps poisons the whole working.

Or, similarly, he may tap an unsuspected spring and let in an irresistible torrent of water, and he and his comrades are drowned like rats in a hole.

In the case of the Workington mine disaster, the miners working under the sea and going too close to the ocean bed, cut into it, and the sea came in and has been there ever since.

Then there are shaft accidents. The most frightful of these is overwinding, when the cage in which the miners descend and ascend to their work is carried up violently against the pulleys overhead and the occupants crushed to pieces. Of course, it is the engine-driver's fault, but he is liable, like everyone, to err, and overwinding, in spite of safety devices, is one of the miner's risks.

brutal, and don't think me horrid. I'm perfectly certain that Bill in his heart still loves you as much as ever he did, but, as the same time, there's no use blinking the fact that as far as Mrs. van Dean goes, he's very much infatuated at the present."

The little Duchess rose angrily from her seat, but Markham drew her gently back.

"Hilda," he said earnestly, "don't behave foolishly towards your best friend. Just now you accused me of always laying my finger directly on the heart of things. Unfortunately, I have had to lay it on your heart now. I can't help it, it had to be done—it had to be done for your sake and Bill's. I want you to be frank with me. I want you to lay your heart bare to me. I want you to tell me the truth. I want you to tell me all you know. I want you to tell me all that has happened in this house. For there's something happening. I don't know what it is, but I shall find out. Whatever it is, it's unclean, and uncanny, and detestable. You don't like it, and in your poor little, blind way, you're fighting it. I'm not infatuated, and I'm strong, and can see you through. Only," he added, "if you really wish me to help you, you must tell me the whole truth."

For answer Hilda Duchess of Bury, who boasted that she was the youngest, prettiest, and richest Duchess of all the Duchesses known to Christendom, burst into passionate tears.

It was perhaps ten minutes before the Duchess sat up again and dried her pretty eyes.

"Leslie!" she cried, with pathetic gaiety. "You're a trump. You're a brick. Dear old boy," she said, "it just cuts me most dreadfully to say that I am frightened about Bill, but I'm frightened, and, what's more, I'm simply horribly jealous. I'm so jealous that I don't know what to do with myself. I'm so jealous that I could scream. I'm so jealous that I could take a great big knife and slash Cleo's beautiful cheeks to ribbons. Oh, I hate her—I hate her—the beast!"

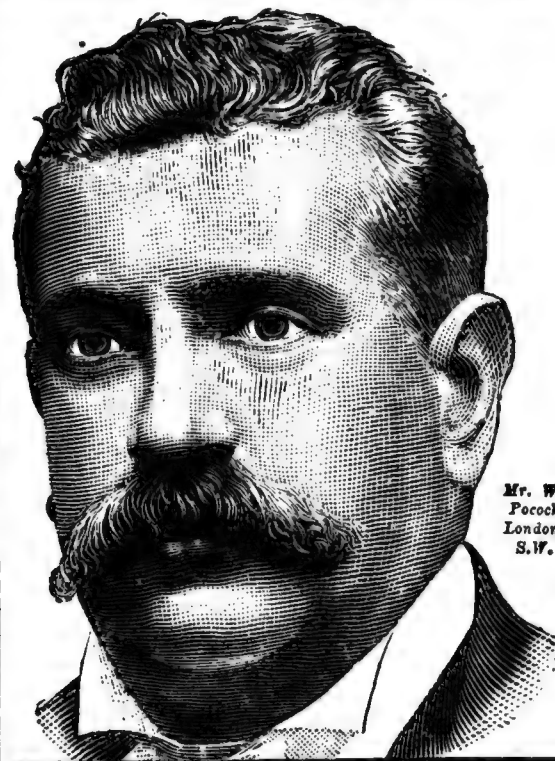
Markham possessed himself of one of the Duchess' hands. "That's all right," he said, "and that's quite a right and proper feeling, only you must restrain it. If you want to get matters right again you must tell me all about them and hand them over to me to deal with."

"Well, do you know," said the Duchess, "I really hadn't realised that anything had been happening, and yet now I know there has. Of course, when they are in the house, the men who are the van Dean's friends can't say much or talk much, but when they are out—say, here in the grounds—I'm perfectly sure that they talk about something which is serious. I have come across them holding what seem to me little conclaves. And I have found out how lots of notes go up to Vantini, and are passed on to Mrs. van Dean."

"And some of them," said Markham, "are from Bill?"

"Yes," said the Duchess, "and some are from Bill."

(Another long instalment of this remarkable story next week.)



Mr. W. Pocock, London, S.W.

Zam-Buk

SAVED HIS LEG

Hospitals Said Amputation Was Only Possible Course — Limb Almost Eaten Away by Ulcers.

Mr. Walter Pocock, of 163A Tranmore Road, Earlsfield, London, S.W., is never likely to forget the terrible time he had after getting his leg badly injured at a big London fire.

"When living in Lambeth twenty-two years ago," he said to a reporter, "I helped to put out a serious fire at a large timber yard. I had as a fire bucket an iron pail with broken rim, which I struck against the lower part of my right leg, severing a main artery, from which blood ran like water from a tap. I was taken at once to St. Thomas's Hospital, where they put on ointments and bandaged the leg up. Soon

Ulcers Broke Out in Enormous Numbers

on the injured limb as high as the knee. These concentrated into one large ulcer, which burst and discharged a lot of matter.

"In twenty years I had at least forty of these outbursts, and the loss of blood was so severe as to fill my boot before I could be taken to a doctor or a hospital.

As soon as the leg healed the small ulcers would develop again until they merged into a big sore, and there was another burst. The leg swelled to an enormous size. The chief hospitals I was taken to were the Middlesex and Charing Cross. At both I was finally told that nothing would heal the injured place, and

I Must Have the Leg Cut Off

above the knee. The last time I was at the Middlesex Hospital nearly twenty medical men examined by leg. I was sent home with orders to return next day, when everything would be ready to have the leg cut off.

"I went home, as you can imagine, absolutely heart-broken. Yet, on reflection, I decided to have just another try to get the leg healed, and as Zam-Buk had been highly recommended, I got this balm. Before I had used up one box of Zam-Buk there was such an improvement in the leg that I refused to return to the hospital. I realised that

Zam-Buk was Really Healing My Leg!

By steady and regular use of this wonderful balm the big hole filled with solid flesh, and all the swelling went down. At the end of six months the leg was finally and completely healed with a splendid new healthy skin.

"For two years now I have enjoyed activity and complete freedom from the old troubles. I am like a new man, with my leg firm and strong."

Zam-Buk is unequalled for all forms of eczema, piles, bad legs, scalp diseases, poison ivy, sunburn, festering sores, pimples, blotches, inflamed prepuce, cuts, bruised sprains, &c. Zam-Buk is sold by all chemists at 1/6, 2/6, or 4/6 per box; or direct from the Zam-Buk Co., 45 New Cross Street, London, E.C.

FREE TRIAL OF ZAM-BUK.

Get acquainted with Zam-Buk to-day. You can test this wonderful healer free before you buy. Send this coupon, with name and address and 1d. stamp for return postage, to the Zam-Buk Co., Leeds, for a free sample.

Pearson's Weekly, June 2nd, 1910.

THE HOUSE OF THE SIREN (continued from page 996).

you the truth, in the case of the van Dean woman, I never think anything is extraordinary. Why, my dear boy, she travels, positively, like a Queen. I would rather have Royalty here any time than Cleo. For instance," she went on, "she won't sleep in a room unless it has some direct exit to the grounds. She says she's afraid of fire."

Markham laughed. "That's not an unusual complaint," he said, but at the same time he wondered whether Cleo van Dean might possess any other motive than the fear of fire for making such a stipulation as to her apartments.

"And then you know," the little Duchess rattled on, "she brings a cook with her. Sometimes she won't take her meals with us. She declares that her own particular cook can only give her what she needs."

Markham nodded. And his mind wondered instantly whether Mrs. van Dean feared poison.

"Also," the Duchess continued, "she has a *dame de compagnie* and half-a-dozen maids. Oh, I tell you, she does the thing in style." Hilda Duchess of Bury was slangy even for a Duchess.

"Perhaps," Hilda went on, a little wistfully—"perhaps it's all these forms and ceremonies which make her so attractive to the men. Not that I mind myself," she added, with a very wretched attempt at a smile, "but that I'm anxious about Kitty. You know it's a shame that as Frank's engaged to her he should spend most of his time hanging about Cleo. I don't like it—frankly, even in our set, it doesn't seem quite the thing."

"It doesn't," said Markham gravely, "and I'll tell you quite plainly what I'm afraid of. I'm afraid that we are going to see another neat little announcement in the MORNING POST that the marriage announced between So-and-So and So-and-So will not take place."

The Duchess went white, and she stared at Markham with open eyes.

"Oh," she said, "you don't mean to say you really think that the van Dean woman has been responsible for all those notices lately?"

"I do," said Markham, "and I'm afraid of more than that. I'm afraid of this—and I want you to be honest about it and tell me the plain truth, for I alone can help you. I want you to tell me whether you are not worried about Bill?"

The Duchess gave a little gulp, and caught her breath. "Leslie," she said, evading the point, and yet indirectly plunging at it, "how is it that you always seem to lay your finger on the heart of things at once?"

"Only," said Markham, "because you know very well that I'm fond of you, and I don't want to see you unhappy."

"Look here, Hilda," Markham went on, "don't think me

SILENT AGONY.

WHEN engaged on an important picture an artist employed a rustic to pose as a model. Soon after the artist had begun to paint, the model turned deadly white.

"Are you ill?" asked the painter anxiously.

"Naw," said the man, "I be all roight, sur."

However, the painter made him rest awhile, but when he resumed work a little later the unfortunate model became even paler than before, and in serious alarm the artist asked him what was the matter.

"It's nawthing at all except the 'olding of me breath so long," replied the model.

For some extraordinary reason, the model had imagined that it was necessary for him to refrain from breathing all the time he was having his portrait painted.

"HULLO, Ned, old boy! Writing home for money?"

"No."

"What are you making so much fuss over? You've been fuming over that letter for two hours."

"I'm trying to write home without asking for money."

Mr. Green: "Now, I'm going to tell you something, Ethel. Do you know that last night, at your party, your sister promised to marry me? I hope you'll forgive me for taking her away?"

Little Ethel: "Forgive you, Mr. Green? Of course I will. Why, that's what the party was for."

"I DON'T understand how one can learn boxing by correspondence as this advertisement states. How can one get any practice?"

"Oh, you get your practice licking stamps."

HOW TO GET HOME.

A YOUNG doctor in a thriving country town was awakened at midnight by a violent ringing of the door-bell. Scrambling into his clothes he hurried downstairs. A well-dressed man was standing at the door.

"Doctor," said the stranger breathlessly, "you're wanted immediately out near the Country Club. Can you come at once?"

"Certainly, sir. Just step inside for a moment while I 'phone for my horse and trap. We'll soon be there."

It was a good five miles to the Country Club. Just beyond stood a cluster of cottages.

"The red brick house on the left there," said the stranger as he alighted from the trap. "By the way, I forgot to ask the amount of your fee."

"Fifteen shillings," said the doctor.

The stranger took the amount from his pocket and passed it to the doctor.

"That'll be all, thank you, doctor. None of those cabmen up in town would do it for less than a sovereign."

Fortune Teller: "I can read that there is to be a wreck in your home, and it will be caused by a blonde woman."

Patron: "That prophecy has come true already; our maid fell downstairs this morning and broke all our best china."

Little Tommy (rushing into the house): "Oh, mother, I have just been weighed!"

Mother: "Oh, indeed, and how much do you weigh, Tommy?"

Little Tommy: "Well, I don't know exactly, but I weigh five-stone up to here"—pointing to his waist. "I was sitting down, so my legs did not weigh."

"DIDN'T you cry at all during the performance of that pathetic play?"

"No," answered the reposeful girl; "I couldn't think of such a thing."

"But the young woman with you wept copiously."

"Of course. Her lace handkerchiefs are ever so much prettier than mine."

EVASION.

THE story goes that a certain divine, noted for his smoking powers, was sent for by the board of examiners just before his ordination.

"Mr. Blank," said one of the board, "your papers are excellent, but there is one thing we object to."

Blank asked what it was.

"You are addicted to the evil habit of smoking."

Blank explained that he saw no evil in it, but, taking a large plug from his pocket, said:

"In deference to your opinion, gentlemen, I promise you this. As soon as I have smoked the plug I hold in my hand I will cease smoking for ever."

They were satisfied, and he was ordained the next day. But as he refills his pipe he chuckles and tells you:

"I've kept my word. I've got that very plug yet!"



Quips and Testlets



RATHER DIM.

A TOURIST, concluding a visit to Ireland, was bidding farewell to an attendant.

"Good-bye, Pat!"

"Good-bye, yer 'onour, and may Heaven bless you; and may every hair on your head be a candle to light you to glory on the last day."

"Well, Pat," said the tourist, showing him a bald pate, "when that day comes there won't be much of a torchlight procession."

"WHEN do you take the heaviest meal of the day?" asked a bachelor of a married man.

"When my wife cooks it," came the reply.

Perker: "If their rich uncle has acquired a mania for flying machines, why don't they try to have him placed under restraint?"

Parker: "They think they'll get a quicker division if they bide their time and await developments."

NOT IN BERTIE'S LINE.



Bertie (who is spending a short holiday down at an out-of-the-way country farmhouse): "I say, what can a fellow do down here to kill time?"
Farmer Simpleton: "Well, may be you can coax the old woman to let you whitewash the chicken-house."

"Was I scared?" exclaimed Miss Lacer. "Well, I should say so. My heart simply sank down into my boots."

"Impossible!" retorted her candid friend, "it couldn't get past your waist."

Master: "Who can tell me what useful article we get from the whale?"

Johnny: "Whalebone."

Master: "Right. Now, what little boy or girl knows what we get from the seal?"

Tommy: "Sealing wax."

NAMING THE BABY.

A YOUNG pastor was asked to officiate at a christening in a small chapel. He eagerly accepted the opportunity to make his eloquence known, and when the child was brought forward he had already prepared his address.

"Brethren," he began, "this occasion is one of the utmost solemnity and importance. The name which this little one receives to-day will accompany him and be an inseparable part of him throughout his life. It will be with him in his triumphs, and will follow him, perhaps, to the great heights of statesmanship. In later life the name of—"

In his anxiety he had forgotten to learn the name, and he turned to the father, who imparted the information in an agonised whisper:

"Her name is Mary Ann."

PASSED OFF LIGHTLY.

TOMMY had been invited to dine at a learned professor's house, and his mother was anxious for his good behaviour at the table, so she gave him elaborate instructions.

"Well, Tommy, how did you get on?" she asked on his return.

"Oh, all right, ma."

"You are quite sure you didn't do anything impolite?"

"Well, no, ma—at least, nothing to speak of."

The mother's anxiety was aroused.

"Ah! Then there was something wrong. Now, tell me all about it, Tommy."

"Oh, it wasn't much! You see, I was trying to cut my meat, and it slipped off my plate on to the floor."

"Oh, my dear boy, what did you do?"

"Oh, I just said sort of carelessly, 'That's always the way with tough meat,' and went on with my dinner!"

"CAN'T you stop to dinner?"

"Not this evening, I'm afraid."

"Needn't be afraid. We've got a new cook."

Invalid: "Do you think you can cure me, doctor?"

Doctor: "Well, I ought to. I've had experience. I've treated a patient with a complaint like yours for the last twenty years!"

Jammer: "The Binkses must buy everything on the hire system."

Hammer: "What makes you think so?"

Jammer: "I heard little Jimmy Binks ask his father whether their new baby would be taken away if they couldn't keep up the payments."

THEY KNEW SOMETHING.

THE legacy was just a clear one thousand pounds, and Higgins was mightily glad of the chance to handle so cosy a sum. He had undergone the usual agonising delays of the law, and, on the whole, had borne up very well, and at last the welcome message had arrived that if he would attend at the offices of Messrs. Sharp and Sharper, the solicitors, he would receive the money due.

"Of course, Mr. Higgins," said Mr. Sharp, "you will understand this matter has put us to considerable inconvenience—"

"And expense," said Sharper.

"But we have decided that, with regard to our remuneration, as we were both personally acquainted with your father and your mother," continued Sharp, "our fees will only amount to six hundred—"

"And fifty pounds," said Sharper.

Higgins's grin faded suddenly. "Well, gents," he said, "I s'pose I'm lucky. If you'd 'a known my grandparents you'd have stuck to the lot. Thank goodness they was careful of their company."

Visitor (to prisoner): "What brought you here?"

Prisoner: "Misplaced confidence."

Visitor: "How was that?"

Prisoner: "I thought I could run faster than I could."

Farmer: "If I were as lazy as you I'd go and hang myself in my barn."

Tramp: "No, you wouldn't."

Farmer: "Why wouldn't I?"

Tramp: "If you was as lazy as me you wouldn't have no barn."

Landlady: "Every Monday you have told me you would settle up Saturday without fail."

Struggling Author: "Er—I know, madam, but I will see you next Saturday without a doubt."

Landlady: "Gracious! Now I know what the newspapers mean when they say there are so many 'promising, young writers' in London to-day."

LEFT TO HIM.

THE Dinkham fast bowler stood six feet six, weighed fourteen stone, and his facial expression would have stopped the day from breaking.

He took a twenty yards' run and opened the game with a ball that whizzed past the timid little batsman's left ear.

Another run, a more savage arrangement of his features, whizz, and the little man ducked to avert a tragedy.

Alas! the third delivery found the batsman lacking in the agility necessary to dodge.

It caught him in the belt region, whop!

The demon bowler emitted a ferocious "Ow's that?"

"Well," announced the man in the white coat, as he looked pityingly at the writhing batsman, "I leaves it to 'im entirely. 'E was yards away from 'is wicket, but if 'e thinks discretion's the better part o' valour, as the sayin' is, hup goes my 'and and I gives 'im out!"

"REPORTERS are persecuting me, mistaking me for Cook."

So wired an American business man from Rio de Janeiro. His name is Frock, and he does business in Berlin, but how the rumour arose that he was the famous, or infamous, Dr. Cook, it is impossible to say, for the American tourist does not in any way resemble the self-styled discoverer of the North Pole. It is all very well to be the double of some great personage, as the late Mr. Richard Hunter, Laird of Thurston, was of the late King—although it may be stated that in this case Mr. Hunter did not at all enjoy the embarrassing errors that arose from the resemblance—but to possess a double of doubtful or bad character is about as great a misfortune as can well befall any individual, and so many have discovered to their cost.

Arrested for Embezzlement.

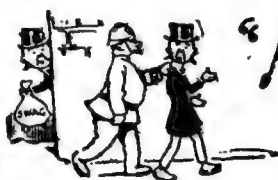
The Hon. Richard de Moleyns was staying at Sydney, Australia, when he received indignant telegrams from his father, Lord Ventry, asking what he meant by marrying an Australian girl, and raising money on notes of hand. He hurried home to clear matters up, only to find that his double had got there ahead of him, and succeeded in raising a considerable sum of money from the family lawyer.

But this was not the end of Mr. de Moleyns' troubles. The bogus Honourable had meanwhile gone to Chicago, where he posed as Lord de Moleyns, and married for a second time. Eventually he was arrested for embezzlement and bigamy, and was discovered to be a former valet of Captain Frederick de Moleyns.

He had traded upon his accidental likeness and his knowledge of the de Moleyns family to mix in all sorts of society, and to raise thousands of pounds, besides marrying and deserting in turn three women with money. At present we believe he is an inmate of an American prison, and probably his unfortunate double hopes that he may long remain there.

A most sensational case occurred in 1906, when Mrs. Alexander Trantman, wife of one of the best-known doctors in America, was arrested in Fifth Avenue, New York, for pocket-picking, locked in a cell, and arraigned at Jefferson Market Police Station. A shop clerk named Hagan swore positively that the lady had picked his pocket of a sum of three pounds twelve shillings.

"You are quite sure that she is the woman?" asked the lawyer.



"I'm not Cook!"

People Who Have Suffered Through Being Taken for Others.

charge, and the real culprit was discharged. Mrs. Trantman then proved that she was asleep in bed at home at the time when the theft was committed.

A similar blunder occurred three years ago in London when the police arrested Mr. Jasper Selwyn, son of the late Lord Justice Selwyn, and locked him in a cell at Vine Street, alleging that he was an ex-convict, wanted for failing to report himself on a ticket-of-leave. Here again was a case of unfortunate resemblance between this well-known gentleman and a desperate criminal.

One could hardly imagine a wife mistaking another man for her husband, yet more than one such case has occurred in real life.

Claimed by a Wife as Her Husband.

Barely two years ago a Derby woman had a man arrested claiming that he was Martin Henry Ellis, her husband, and that he was £129 in arrears on a maintenance order. The arrested man proved conclusively that he was Charles Richer, and had never before so much as seen the woman who claimed to be his wife. Eventually it transpired that the real Ellis was at the moment in Canada. This was just one more case of two men being exactly alike in face and figure.

Many public characters have suffered endless annoyance at the hands of doubles. Sir William Harcourt, for instance, had a double who was an accomplished writer of begging letters, and the French Duchess de Touraine was actually arrested on the Isle of Rugen by detectives who believed her to be a notorious adventuress.

There are even cases on record of lives being lost owing to unfortunate resemblances of the kind we have been describing. In July, 1906, a Terrorist met the Russian General Kosloff in the public park at Peterhof and shot him dead. The murderer, when arrested, was found to have in his pocket a photograph of General Trepoff, for whom he had mistaken the man whom he had assassinated.

"I am positive," replied Hagan.

A door leading to the cells opened, and there appeared a woman whose resemblance to Mrs. Trantman was so exact that the people in the Court fairly gasped.

"Or was it this woman?" asked the magistrate. Hagan was speechless. He was so overcome that he refused to transfer the

charge, and the real culprit was discharged. Mrs. Trantman then proved that she was asleep in bed at home at the time when the theft was committed.

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"Smith" is London's newest theatrical star. He was chosen out of some four hundred known and unknown comedians to take up Mr. C. H. Workman's part in "Two Merry Monarchs," at the Strand Theatre the other day.



"Smith"

By HIMSELF.

I was born just plain Smith, but I have been "Smith" on the stage for the past twelve years. With a name like mine you must do something to distinguish yourself from the rest of the well-known family; I chose inverted commas before anyone else did.

Directly I heard that a comedian was wanted to follow Mr. Workman in *Two Merry Monarchs*, I determined to have a shot for the position. I had never played in the West-end before, but I had seen the play, and decided that the part of Rolandyl, the Postmaster, would suit me if I ever got a chance of playing it. I little thought that chance would come so soon.

Three Days to Learn and Rehearse.

But when it did, I just took it—and was grateful. I am quite a fatalist—I believe in accepting what the gods (I don't mean the ones in the gallery, of course) offer, and doing your best. Then if you fail, well, it isn't your fault, anyway.

I had but three clear days in which to learn and rehearse the words, "business," and songs of the part, and as three weeks is generally thought not too long to get "perfect" in, you can imagine what I was up against. Food and sleep took very back seats for those three days, but wet towels came well to the fore.

Thanks to the splendidly generous way in which my fellow artistes helped me, I managed to come through all right on the opening night, however. Once I did "dry up" completely, but as nearly everyone laughed when I politely said to the prompter: "I beg your pardon, What did you say, sir?" that didn't matter much.

I said just now that I have been on the stage over twelve years, and as I was twenty-one when I entered "the profession," curious folk will be able to calculate my age to a nicety.

My first engagement was with a nigger minstrel troupe at Rhyl. This was good enough in its way, but there were several little points about the burnt cork business that did not greatly appeal to me. One was that you had to black your face instead of washing it before coming down to breakfast in the morning; others were connected with the terms of the contract.

This contract was a fearsome affair in itself, and not a little painful in its application. The clause in it to which I took the greatest exception was that which related to the exchange of courtesies between artiste and children. "All artistes," read this particular clause, "will wave to the children they may meet on their way to the morning performance. They will also allow themselves to be kicked by children, and, when collecting, they will pat children on the head."

Now, I could stand the waving and patting acts, but the kicking one was too much for me. Somehow, being continually chased by gangs of youngsters, used as a sort of human football, and greeted with cries of "yah, nigger!" got on my nerves, and I speedily washed my face of the whole affair.

Then I got an engagement in *The Geisha* as understudy to Fred Wright, jun., in a company which also included Marie Studholme, John Coates, and Farren Soutar. This was a big rise in the world for me, and from that time I went steadily on, gaining all the experience I possibly could.

Before I entered the theatrical profession I was a draper's assistant, and—I fear—a very bad one at that. At any rate, I got the "sack" four times in my first year behind the counter.

When I Ran Away.

Once an irate employer discovered me practising dancing and grimacing in a looking-glass instead of—as I was supposed to be doing—dressing the window; and on another occasion, just because there was nothing doing at the moment (and I was doing it most successfully), I was set such an impossible task that I resigned on the spot.

"What d'you mean, sir, by wasting time like this?" thundered the draper. "If there's nothing to do here go and dust the whole warehouse out—go on, now."

"I'll punch your head before I do," I cried in the indignation and ardour of my youth.

"Oh, will you?" said the draper, advancing towards me. "Oh, will you? Come on, then."

He was a size or two larger in men than I am, so I just put my hat on and ran.

I play a little golf now and then, but, apart from my work, my chief interest in life lies in my kiddies, of whom there are three.

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OUR SHORT SERIAL.



The Mystery at Westley Mansions

By SYBIL LETHBRIDGE AND OLIVER ALLEN.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN (continued). Boutron Holds the Ace.

THE delicate loveliness of the room, the roses that were always as a silent offering, fresh and glowing beneath the portrait of Tita, struck Desmond as incongruous; remembering, as he did, the broad, vulgar handwriting, the scented paper of her letter. Yet still more at variance with that recollection of bad taste was Tita herself. She had clothed herself in pure white, white that shone and glimmered with the tracery of old lace upon it, that left her lovely throat bare, but with sleeves that hid her arms to her very finger tips, so that the latter were almost lost beneath the frills of Mechlin point. There was something exquisitely pure in this white-robed figure, with no colour save the gold of the massed hair that clung in heavy waves about the temples, without ornament. Desmond saw that she had even removed her rings, down to the great ruby that had been Dick's first gift to her.

"I'm glad you came, Lord Desmond," she said softly. She had not risen at his entrance, from the depths of her great chair she looked up at him trustfully. "I felt that we had both something to say to each other—didn't you?"

Desmond did not answer. He was thinking with a bewilderment bordering on stupefaction that surely it was impossible that this exquisite woman was accomplice or abettor of so brutal a crime as a murder. He must have misunderstood poor Charlie Lancing's ravings; whatever the boy had done he alone was to blame—Tita must be guiltless.

Suddenly he felt her smile upon him, dazzling in its brilliant splendour, and her hand strayed softly towards his.

"Tell me what you think I am going to say to you?" she commanded. "I want to know."

Desmond gave an irrepressible start. His feeling that it was impossible for her to be guilty of any hand in her husband's death changed into one of disgust at the apparent hardihood with which she spoke.

"You are going to tell me the truth," he said, controlling his voice with difficulty, "at least, I hope so."

"Yes, yes"—she leaned forward, the pale brilliancy of her eyes fixed upon him—"but that truth—what is it?"

She waited with red lips parted, with her whole form tense with eagerness, for his reply, and Desmond was suddenly revolted by her beauty, that seemed to him now to be that of an enchantress, of a witch who weaves her spells for mankind's destruction. He replied with a brutality that was involuntary, that seemed forced upon him.

"That you know who killed your husband, Jonas Fayne, of whose death you are in a great measure guilty."

For a moment Tita Sutton did not speak, nor alter her position. She continued to gaze at Desmond Royston, whilst her lovely hand that had been outstretched towards him fell slowly, stiffly, like a dead hand, to her side. Then she gave a little laugh, horrible to hear, theatrical and unnatural. Desmond Royston winced at the sound of it, and it ended in a little hoarse cry. Tita sprang to her feet.

"Is that the truth?" she asked; she flung up her arms as one in an abandonment of despair. "Desmond, you believe that of me?"

"Yes," he answered sombrely, "how can I help it, after what I know. Jonas Fayne was in your way, he barred your path to a brilliant marriage. Charlie Lancing, who has been arrested on the charge of murdering him, is madly in love with you, his ravings betray that. Can you wonder that I simply put two and two together?"

"And made five," Tita laughed again harshly. She stood before Desmond, her accuser, with a face from which all glamour had fled. "So you thought that I had sent for you—to make my confession—of this. Was that it?"

"I hoped so," he replied quietly, and she caught up the words.

"Hope—hope, what was it to you? Oh"—she gave a twisted smile—"you thought that you would prevent my marriage with your brother. I see."

"That—and another reason," Desmond said slowly. He had an odd feeling that with this woman, to whom a lie was nothing, he had to be mercilessly truthful. "I want to help—Charlie Lancing—if I can."

"Charlie, what is he to you, a young idiot, let him manage his own affairs," she answered roughly. "Besides, he's dying, yes—I know I sound heartless, but he won't make any use of his life, better be out of the world, poor boy. He's not of the type that gets on. Why trouble about him?"

"Because—I want to help him for his sister's sake," said Desmond. The mere mention of Judith strengthened and revived him. It was good to remember that the world held such women whilst he battled with Tita Sutton.

"His sister—oh, yes, he's often spoken of Judith!" said Tita carelessly. "But what concern is she of yours? Leave them—why should you be so cruel, oh, so diabolically cruel to me, for their sakes? What is the girl to you?"

"She is the woman I love," Desmond said steadily. "The woman I mean to marry."

Tita stared at him, her face blank, then there came again that terrible laugh, and anger, baffled fury flashed into her pale eyes.

"And I thought—you came to tell me that you loved me," she said shrilly. "And the confession that I had to make

to you—was that I loved you, too. I cared for you the moment I saw you—you were my fate, and I knew it. I love you, Desmond, and I'll give up everything, anything in the whole world—for your sake."

She was close to him now, her hands upon his shoulders, her lips raised to his. Suddenly she clung to him, her face was hidden against his breast, but her golden hair in all its intoxicating sweetness swept against his cheek.

When Balfrons had watched his brother's car start on its way, as he knew, to Tita's house, he turned to one of the servants:

"My car," he said curtly. "And at once!"

"Yes, your lordship."

The Marquis stared glassily at the speaker for a second, and then went slowly through the great hall to his own apartments.

On the stairs he passed Helen, but he did not seem to see her, though she looked piteously into his white, tragic face. On he went, like a man in a dream. He put his hand vaguely to his head as he reached his sitting-room. He had for the moment forgotten why he had come, but recollection returned to him. He unlocked a drawer on his writing-table, and took from it a revolver. Laying it down he eyed it grimly. It was to end not only his life, but that of Desmond.

"Dick, what are you doing with that thing?"

The voice was Helen's; at the sound of it Dick started. He turned round upon her with a frown.

"What are you doing here?" he asked roughly. "You've no business to follow me, Helen. I won't be spied on."

"I'm not spying, you know it's a thing I'd never do," she answered, her hot temper aflame, but the misery on his haggard features melted her. She crept up to him, and slipped her hand through his arm.

"Dick, Dick, why are you so unhappy?" she asked brokenly. "It's torturing me, it's making me so wretched. What is the matter? What are you going to do with that revolver—as though you were going to—kill someone you looked, when you took it up."

The Marquis gave a grim laugh.

"Why, so I am, Helen," he said. "But you needn't be afraid, I'm not going to kill anything—that matters. Only pestilent vermin, my dear, that is best out of the world."

Helen clung more closely to him, her dark face raised to his.

"Oh, Dick, don't believe what he says, for I don't," she said agonisedly. "That is why I wanted him kept out of your way, and she—Miss Sutton—agreed with me. She told me that he was blackmailing her, but that she was going to settle with him. He came to you, I suppose? How dared he?"

Astonishment was the expression on Balfrons' face, as he listened to Helen's incoherent speech.

"Whom are you talking of?" he asked impatiently. "Nell, do be sensible, I can't make out what you're driving at."

"You can, you can, it's Jacques Boutron that you want to kill," cried Helen distractedly. She clung to her cousin as though she feared that at any moment he might break from her and try to do murder. "He has wanted to see you—he knows all about you—and he wants to make you unhappy by telling you lies about Miss Sutton."

Balfrons' mouth grew very grim.

"It's the first I've heard of this person," he said, "but, whoever he is, he wants to tell me lies, does he, Nell? How do you know that they are lies?"

"Because Miss Sutton told me that they were," replied Helen simply; and a strange emotion gripped Balfrons by the throat and kept him silent. How loyal, how honest was this girl, half child, half woman. How unquestioning her faith in the words of another.

"So you've tried to save me worry and vexation, Nell?" Balfrons said gently at last, and he spoke with infinite gentleness. "That was good and sweet of you, little girl, but all the same I can't have this man worrying Tita. I'd better see him. He wants more energetic treatment than you've been able to deal out—or Tita either. It isn't the sort of business for women to be mixed up in, my child. Surely you see that?"

"I hate him—he's a beast, and I could almost wish that I had let Max murder him that day," said Helen woefully.

"But he insists on seeing you, and he always is hanging round. Oh, Dick, I did try to act for the best, but when I saw that horrible revolver I thought that you had found out about him, and were going to do something. But," her eyes grew large with sudden terror, "if—if it isn't Boutron, who is it you wish to kill? Dick, who is it?"

But Balfrons was silent. He could not tell Helen the dire intention which was in his mind.

"It doesn't concern you, child," he said at length, when her great eyes still besought him for an answer. "Tell me, where is this Boutron—if that's his name—to be found? I should like to see him."

"I saw him—yesterday—at Miss Sutton's," said Helen reluctantly. "But she told me, that it was for the last time."

Balfrons' brow grew black, his suspicions were aroused, though they were vague.

"Was he in the house whilst I was there?" he asked, and Helen nodded. She was a little alarmed now, her cousin looked so stern.

"Her idea has been to keep worry from you—as mine has been," she said, loyal to the woman whom Dick loved. "You must remember that. She wanted to save you from being unhappy, but I don't think that she succeeded. You have been unhappy for so long now, Dick—my poor, poor dear, and I would have done anything to help you, anything in the whole world."

Perhaps to a man less absorbed, less in love with one woman, those words of Helen's might have betrayed her secret, but

to Balfrons they conveyed only the cousinly affection that he knew she felt for him.

"You and Tita have muddled things by wanting to keep me in cotton wool," he said ungratefully. "I must get hold of this Boutron creature. Tell me, Helen, have you given him money?"

Helen, with some blushes and confusion, confessed that she had done so. Balfrons muttered beneath his breath.

"To think that you could have been such an absurd child," he said irritably. "Heavens and earth, Nell, what were you thinking of?"

She threw back her head with a defiant gesture that cloaked the trembling of her lips.

"Of you," she said. "I—I thought that I was acting for the best."

Balfrons groaned. "I wonder," he said, "whether people ever make such a hopeless muddle of affairs as when they act from that motive. I must get hold of this brute, and show him that he hasn't a couple of easily scared women to deal with, but a man. Is he likely to be here again soon? The cheek of it," he added explosively. "To think of that villain daring to come here."

"It was my fault, I made him come in," pleaded Helen in rather crestfallen tones. "Oh, Dick, don't be angry, but—he's here now. I was on my way to see him, when I met you on the stairs. I followed you then, because you looked so—so dreadful; but Boutron's in the business-room—now."

Balfrons looked at his watch.

"Five minutes 'll do for him," he said grimly, "then I must be off. I'll let you know later, Helen, how I got quit of the scoundrel."

There was such sternness in Dick's vivid green eyes, such dignity in his manner, that Helen dared not protest, though she still felt convinced that Boutron was best left to her management.

"You'll leave that behind," she said pleadingly, glancing at the revolver, and her cousin smiled.

"Very well," he conceded reluctantly, "if it makes you any happier. The use to which I was going to put it—"

He broke off, to thrust the revolver back into the drawer, then he gave Helen a hasty kiss.

"A good child, that is what you are," he said. "Thanks, Nell, you've been a brick."

And for the rest of her life those words were one of Helen Everest's most cherished memories.

Jacques Boutron, a little less shabby, was in the business-room, awaiting Helen with the patience of one whose game is a safe and assured one. He was startled into betraying confusion, however, when Lord Balfrons came in, but his natural effrontery came to his aid, he bowed low with a deference that the Marquis ignored, but Boutron was quite unabashed.

"I have long wished to see your lordship," he said, "and I gave your lordship's brother a message, but I fear that it was not delivered."

"It was not, and it would have conveyed nothing to my mind if it had been, seeing that I don't know you, that I never heard your name until Miss Everest mentioned it," said Balfrons curtly. "I've heard from her that you've been blackmailing her—and Miss Sutton. I came to tell you that if you try that sort of game you will land yourself in prison. That's all I have to say to you. You can go quietly, or my servants can turn you out; you can make your choice."

Jacques Boutron stroked his ragged beard with a dirty hand. He appeared perfectly calm and at his ease.

"I have a right to Miss Sutton's money," he said blandly.

"That is what I am here to tell you, my lord. Miss Sutton, as you know, has been married already."

"Her husband is dead," said Balfrons hoarsely. His hands clenched themselves involuntarily, a wave of rage surged over him, he felt that he must fly at the man's throat, choke all life from him before he could utter another word.

"I know—all." "Pardon me"—Boutron smiled deprecatingly—"not all. The man Jonas Fayne, who was killed, was not her husband. He and I—for certain reasons—exchanged names; I am Jonas Fayne—still alive, and the husband of Tita Sutton!"

(Another instalment next week.)

"ALTHOUGH he overcharged me terribly," said the returned traveller, "the cab driver who took me over Paris was most polite."

"All Frenchmen are," observed his friend.

"Yes, but this one got off his box and helped me to find the necessary profanity in my French-English dictionary, so that I might say what I thought of him."

SOWING WILD OATS.

"Yes, I'm dissipating too much!" said the red-faced rustic as he rubbed his head despondently.

"Dissipating?" gasped his friend.

"That's the word I used. You've heard that expression about 'burning life's candle at both ends'? Well, that's my case exactly. To tell the truth, I have been having too gay a time. Last night I went down to the 'Blue Moon' and drank a soda. Then some travelling man offered me a cigar. Of course, I had to take it."

"You don't mean it!"

"I mean just what I say. Then I bought a ham sandwich. I ate it and actually forgot myself and took another. On my way home I dropped into the church social for a few minutes. Some of the young ladies made me try the 'penny-dip' and I drew a blank."

"Such extravagance!"

"That's exactly it. Extravagance and dissipation will kill me. It was nine o'clock before I reached home."

"Nine o'clock!"

"Yes. I must be sowing my wild oats. Well, I've finished now. Night before last I called on my girl. She wouldn't let me leave until I had taken her out and bought chocolate creams. Talk about pleasure-hunting! I'm simply worn out after these nights of wasteful debauchery."

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(Signed) ARTHUR STOTT.

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DAINTY
DISHES.

Brown Onion Sauce

Is made as follows:—Chop some onions finely, and fry a golden colour, then stir into them some good, thick, brown gravy, stir till hot, and serve. (Reply to M. P. S.)

Raisin Pudding without Eggs.

Put into a basin half a pound of raisins (stoned), half a pound of chopped suet, a quarter of a pound of flour, a quarter of a pound of breadcrumbs, and one teaspoonful of baking-powder. Mix with milk, then put into a greased basin and boil for four hours.

Cheese Pudding.

Put a teacupful of milk into a stewpan, with one ounce of butter, add a teacupful of grated cheese, and stir until dissolved. Mix in some breadcrumbs, and season highly with cayenne, salt, and made mustard. When cooled, add the yolk and stiffly-beaten white of an egg to the mixture. Pour into a greased pie-dish, and bake in a quick oven for fifteen minutes.

Soda Scones

May be eaten hot or cold, and are excellent either way. Put one pound of flour into a basin, dissolve a small teaspoonful of carbonate of soda in some buttermilk, and with it work the flour into a light dough. Roll out about half an inch thick, cut into shapes, and bake on a hot sheet over the fire for about fifteen minutes, turning them so that they colour on either side.

Carrots in White Sauce

Make a delicious vegetable dish. Trim and boil some carrots till quite tender, then drain and cut into fancy shapes. Melt half an ounce of butter in a saucepan, stir into it half an ounce of flour, and when quite smooth a teacupful of milk, flavour to taste with pepper, salt, and nutmeg. Put in the carrots and let all get hot. Serve in a fancy dish and scatter chopped parsley over. (Reply to WINTER GREEN.)

Fillet of Veal with Brown Sauce.

Take a small piece of fillet, remove the bone, and fill the space with veal stuffing nicely flavoured with lemon rind. Grease two large sheets of white paper, lay the fillet on one sheet, cover it with one ounce of bacon, one turnip, one carrot and some sweet herbs, all chopped. Put the other piece of paper over and twist the edges together. Roast for two hours, then remove the paper, vegetables, etc., brown the veal nicely and serve with rolls of bacon, slices of lemon and seasoning balls. Make some nice brown sauce, pass the vegetables and bacon through a sieve and add to it, and pour round the meat.

Steamed Mutton

Is very superior to boiled. Cut two pounds of the middle cut of a neck of mutton into small chops, removing any superfluous fat; put it into a stewing jar with a turnip, carrot, and onion cut into dice. Season all with pepper and salt, and pour over half a pint of water. Cover the jar closely and stand in a saucepan of boiling water (with cover on), and keep boiling for three hours. Boil a quarter of a pound of Patna rice, and dry it nicely, as for curry. Arrange it in a border on a dish, place the mutton in the centre, with the vegetables. Scatter chopped capers over.

DAINTINESS IN FOOD

Is one of the first essentials to bodily well-being. Food that is pleasing, alike to the eye and to the taste, begets an appetite, and appetite begets the means of digestion. It is this fact that accounts for the immense popularity of that delightful little fruit, the currant. We never grow tired of currants, there are so many ways in which they can be served up; and as they are always delicious, always wholesome and sustaining, we should certainly eat them in some form every day of our lives. Analysis proves that currants are full of nutriment, and no sooner is the skin of the currant cut or crushed than the rich, pure nutriment becomes available for the sustenance of the body. One of the best forms in which currants can be eaten is currant bread, and this can now be had in quite a variety of makes. White, brown, whole-meal, malt and milk currant breads are all on sale at every baker's. Cut very thin and spread with butter. Currant bread is the very essence of daintiness in food.



It Doesn't Do the
Child any Good.

ISN'T it one of the most pleasant things to think about—that proud showing-off of the first baby by its delighted mother?

The first showing-off, of course, takes place very early in the baby's life. But then it is only a few highly privileged people who are allowed to see it (in that few weeks old time when it has hardly any individual characteristics worth mentioning), and they steal in on tiptoe sort of thing, take one awed look, and depart.

But the real showing-off takes place a year later, or a little more than a year. Mother is prouder still then; "pressums" has begun its first essays in talking, and can be compared (always favourably) with the other babies in the street.

Then, as so many young people when they marry leave—generally for reasons connected with the business of the husband—the town where their parents are, or where one or both of them grew up, comes the time for the proper showing-off, and for weeks the trip home is talked about.

Mother and father talk of it as a little holiday—a pleasant change. But really they know perfectly well that the sole reason of their going is to show the baby to everybody who knows them in the home town. I have known mother to be busy making those smart little kilned frocks almost up to the last hour of starting for the train.

Baby Must Be
at Its Best.

You see, in many letters spread over that first year of baby's life there have been a lot of questions asked about baby by enthusiastic relatives and answered enthusiastically by mother. There have been little fervent postscripts, something like "Such a dear; you should just see her now. She is . . . There never was such a child. P.S. No. 2.—This morning she said 'Mum-mum' quite plainly."

So that mother's great anxiety (it worries her for days before they start) is for baby to be at his or her very best, to bear out everything that has been written about it.

And the trouble is that on these so pleasantly anticipated "showing-off" expeditions baby is very seldom at its best. And that is only one of the reasons why (though it seems quite unkind) I would advise the "first baby" mothers of our little homes to curb their natural impatience for the baby to secure that admiration which is its rightful due, and to postpone the custom of the showing-off till baby is at least two years old, especially when, as in so many instances, the showing-off involves a journey and a stay for several

(Next week: "Why Wives Envy their Husbands.")

HINTS FOR THE BEAUTIFUL.

THE secret of restoring tired and faded beauty is sleep, rest, and a milk diet.

DAMP hands are a great source of trouble to their owners. For a dusting powder try equal parts of starch powder and zinc powder.

ROUGHNESS round the finger-nails is very unsightly. Rub the finger-tips every night with some good emollient, and sleep in cotton gloves.

WEAK eyebrows and eyelashes can be strengthened and darkened by the application of cocoa butter, which should be rubbed on at bedtime.

WASHING the hair tends to make it bright. Make a lather of pure soap and wash the hair thoroughly, rinsing it in plenty of soft water. When dry, brush the hair well for a quarter of an hour, and it will look bright, and will be quite easy to dress.

days or longer in a place that is strange to the baby mind.

Baby has learnt to know about the little house and the ways of it, and careful mother has made rigorous proper habits for baby's daily life. All these get unavoidably upset by the procedure forced upon the first baby and its owners away from home.

Every relation and every friend have to see the baby. Did mother leave one out, she would never be forgiven. And, all the time, poor baby, unconsciously holding reception after reception, has to "look nice."

Baby gets admiration right enough. Mother does not have to worry about that. But even in the baby age too much admiration is as bad as the object of too much praise is when grown up. And it is not so much admiration baby gets from all the women friends of the family as sheer baby-worshipping.

The Trying
After Effects.

In the face of that worship it is naturally only right that baby must be coaxed by mother to show off every one of its pretty little ways. Baby is the star performer of the occasion, and, like every other star performer, must please and amuse its special public.

And baby itself is immensely pleased at the time, and plays its part nobly; it gets very excited. It is afterwards, when the people it has entertained have gone, that mother has such a difficulty with the child, who fights against going to sleep; and when it does go to sleep, wakes up at the wrong times, and generally gets astray from all the regular habits in which mother has so painstakingly educated it—and makes the days a burden to mother altogether.

On the next day of the showing-off expedition the process is repeated with slight variations. And when mother gets back to her comfortable little home she vows that, if ever there's another baby, there is one thing she will not do under any circumstances.

And the one thing she will not do is to take baby on a showing-off expedition. Father, who has also suffered, agrees with her cordially.

And both are wise. Let the relations and other baby admirers come to the baby's own home, and have long intervals between their visits. Or if, as so often is the case, it is necessary for baby to be taken for a stay so that its grandparents may see and admire her, wait till the baby is two years old or more. The older the better.

HINTS FOR
THE HOME.

A Clean Sweeper

Always burns the contents of her dust-pan immediately.

When Boiling Meat

Put one tablespoonful of vinegar into the water to make the meat tender.

Flowers with Woody Stems

Will last much longer in water if the stalks are scraped for about three inches up.

When Weighing Groceries,

Put a thin piece of paper on the scales, for this saves time in emptying the scales and washing them.

Try Glycerine for Removing Stains

Of tea and coffee from linen. Procure a good quality, rub well in, and then wash in the ordinary way.

Flower-Pot Stains

On window sills may be removed by rubbing with fine wood ashes, afterwards rinsing with clean water.

Cook Watercress Like Spinach

And you will hardly recognise any difference. The former is cheaper and nearly always procurable.

To Clean a Stove Pipe,

Place a piece of zinc on the red hot coals, the fumes rising from it will carry away the soot by chemical decomposition.

Breadcrumbs for Frying,

Should always be baked in the oven without being allowed to colour. This will make the fish or meat much crispier.

Clean Cloudy Decanters thus:

Mix silver sand and water, place in the decanter, and shake well. Rinse thoroughly in several waters to remove all traces of sand.

Gas Stoves

Should be constantly washed with hot water and soda. After drying, rub with a very little paraffin, and polish with blacklead.

A North Room

Is a sunless one, therefore give it a cream or yellow paper to produce the effect of sunshine. Don't cover the windows with curtains.

In Case of Fire

A wet silk handkerchief tied over the nose and mouth is a complete security against suffocation. It permits free breathing and at the same time excludes smoke from the lungs.

The Smell of Cigars

Is apt to hang about a room where there are heavy curtains and stuffed chairs. Air the room thoroughly, and then heat a shovel till nearly red hot, place it in a coal-scuttle in the middle of the room, and scatter in it some coffee grounds. This will quickly freshen the air of the room.

This Furniture Polish

Is what I always have used for old oak boards and mahogany: Shred a quarter of a pound of beeswax into a jar, and just cover it with turpentine, and stand it on the stove till melted. Put the same quantity of soap into a jar, and just cover with soft water; stand on the stove. When the soap and beeswax are melted, put both mixtures together, adding, if necessary, a little more turpentine to make the polish a good consistency to work. (Reply to MARY.)

TO GROW HAIR ON A BALD HEAD.
By a Specialist.

Thousands of people suffer from baldness and falling hair who, having tried nearly every advertised hair tonic and hair grower without results, have resigned themselves to baldness and its attendant discomforts. Yet their case is not hopeless; the following simple home prescription has made hair grow after years of baldness, and is also unequalled for restoring grey hair to its original colour, stopping hair from falling out, and for destroying the dandruff germ. It will not make the hair greasy, and can be put up by any chemist:—Bay Rum 3oz., Lavona de Composee 1 oz., Menthol Crystal ½ dram. If you wish it perfumed add half to one teaspoonful of French Fleur Perfume, which unites perfectly with the other ingredients. This preparation is highly recommended by physicians and specialists, and is absolutely harmless, as it contains none of the poisonous wood alcohol so frequently found in hair tonics. Do not apply to face or where hair is not desired.

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P.W.

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Fresh Gathered

I AM very glad to say that our Rubber Shares Competition is an unqualified success, and the extraordinary number of entries proves that our enterprise in buying up shares to present to our readers has been greatly appreciated. In the opinion of those who know, the remarkable rubber boom is by no means over. The fact that the public do not now rush wildly for any and every description of shares offered counts for nothing. As a matter of fact, the rubber market is now in a much more healthy condition than it was a month or so ago.

On the first page you will find another Triples contest, with more rubber shares offered as prizes, together with the first list of names and addresses of winners.

NEXT week I shall have an important announcement to make to you. We have devised a novel competition in connection with the national game cricket, and big money prizes are likely to be offered. You will find full details of the scheme in next week's issue.

"INQUISITIVE" wants to know all about Freemasonry. What are its objects, what was its origin, and what is the best way to become a mason?—

Freemasonry, INQUISITIVE, sprung into existence exactly like any other incorporated craft. In the early middle ages, when men skilled in cutting and setting stones travelled about to places where building was in progress, it was highly advantageous that they should have some means of recognising each other. Otherwise, of course, however experienced a man might be, he would have to give practical evidence of his powers at each fresh place before being able to obtain employment. For this reason the Freemasons' Guild invented certain secret signs by which members could introduce themselves to each other. This arrangement is the only ground for the popular belief that masons were in possession of secrets of great importance, which have since then been confined to their order.

The craft has, of course, long outgrown the intentions of its original founders. Its utility nowadays lies in the fact that a "mason" on going to a new place can make himself known straight away to his brethren, and to a limited extent claim their good offices and assistance. The symbolical meaning supposed to underlie masonic signs is as imaginative as the idea held in some foreign countries that Freemasons are enemies to law and order. We all like playing at mysteries, and a set of passwords and a peculiar grip of the hand no doubt lend a certain additional charm to the pleasant meetings of the craft.

Any masonic friend will help you to join the order if he considers you a proper person.

HERE is a curious question from INQUIRER. "Why do we always put an odd number of eggs under a hen to hatch?" he asks. "I have heard this point raised several times, but never get answered satisfactorily. I myself have kept poultry for a good many years, and whenever one of my hens wants to sit I invariably put thirteen eggs under her. Now, why not twelve, the exact dozen? Others of my acquaintance put nine, eleven, thirteen, or fifteen, but never an even number?"—

I can only say, INQUIRER, that, like the eggs, it's certainly very odd. In fact, I think you are quite mistaken in imagining that there is any widespread custom in the matter. I have kept hens for a long time, and the number of eggs which I have put under them has varied from ten to fifteen. There is absolutely no reason for believing that an uneven number hatch out any better than an even one. Perhaps some of my other readers who also go in for raising their own chickens will confirm what I say.

THERE are few greater living humorists than Mr. Barry Pain, and he has done nothing better than his famous "Eliza" stories. When these first appeared, many thousands of copies were sold within a few days, and they were hailed as masterpieces of wit and originality.

My friend, the Editor of *M. A. P.*, tells me that Mr. Pain has written some further "Eliza" stories, entitled "Eliza Getting On," and the first of these is appearing in this week's *M. A. P.* These stories will appeal to everyone, for the character drawing is masterly and the humorous situations are worked out with consummate skill. The new series will be cleverly illustrated, and will form excellent reading for train, country, seaside, or fireside.

"THERE is a common belief among miners," writes MARYHILL, "that they can lift weights in the mine which they could not move above ground. Some say that the air is the cause of it, but my opinion is that this is all 'stuff.' The air may be slightly denser, but the difference would be too small to affect things seriously. We all know how easy it is to raise a weight immersed in a fluid to the surface, because a person raises only the difference in weight between the two bodies. But there is a great difference between the weight of water and the weight of air. Perhaps the solution of this increased muscular power lies in the fact that a man would sometimes have to walk a quarter of a mile for help to put a derailed truck back on the rails."

I think you have solved the problem correctly, MARYHILL. It is wonderful what additional strength a man can exercise in order to avoid a long walk. The theory about the air certainly won't hold water, although it might make a minute difference. When working under the sea, of course, a man can move weights which he would be quite unable to lift above the surface. A diver once told me that it was a most extraordinary sensation to come up again after assisting to clear away wreckage. For a few minutes one felt as weak and helpless as a new-born kitten.

The place where one could really enjoy novel sensations in the way of weight-shifting, however, would be in the moon. Scientists estimate that on that depressing planet a pound only weighs about two ounces. Even the weakest of us could make Sandow's records look silly at this rate.

"WHY," inquires JOHNSON, "should we refer to a 'Jack of all trades'? Why not a Tom, a Poor Jack. Dick, or a Harry?"—

The name Jack is a shining example of the old saying that familiarity breeds contempt. It is such a popular, free-and-easy cognomen that our forbears had no hesitation in bestowing it on all manner of things. Thus, among many others, we have "Every man Jack," "jack-a-napes," and the "boot jack." The gaudy young gentlemen in a pack of playing cards are more often called "Jacks" than "knaves," and, cruellest blow of all, we speak of a "jackass."

H. C. has been paying wages to women workers for more than twenty years, and in the course of his labours has made a curious discovery. "I have noticed," he says, "that on being given money a woman invariably receives it in her left hand. Can you explain this puzzle?"—

I must admit that I am baffled, H. C. Your statement however, interested me so much, that when I went out this morning I made an experiment. Just round the corner of the street there is an old lady who sweeps a crossing. I stepped up to her and offered her a penny, whereupon she promptly held out her left hand.

"Why do you take it with your left hand?" I demanded eagerly. "Please sir," she replied, "because I'm 'oldin' the broom with my right."

Feeling somewhat crushed, I did not pursue my inquiries further. The only possible explanation I can think of is that many women directly they receive money put it into a purse. It may be that when they come up to take their wages they generally carry their purses in their right hands ready for instant use. If any of my lady readers can supply a better answer I should be glad to hear it.

The only curious things about hands I have ever noticed myself is that the left is considerably more sensitive to heat than the right. I imagine that this must be due to our habit of constantly using the latter, and thereby thickening and coarsening the skin. Left-handed people, no doubt, find the opposite to be the case.

THE identity of the Man in the Iron Mask will never be properly known, G. H., until the Vatican gives up its secrets. Louis XIV. was reigning at the time of the prisoner's incarceration, and different delvers into history declare the unfortunate man to have been: a twin brother of the Monarch, an elder brother, and a son. The conjecture most substantiated by evidence is that he was a certain soldier of fortune, named de Marchiel. But nothing has been proved, and the only hope of solving the mystery is that the prisoner confessed his name to the prison priest, who may have revealed it to his superiors in Rome.

"BEING the unfortunate victim of a collision between my forehead and a lamppost a short time ago," writes MYSTIFIED, "my head became enlarged by a superfluous adornment in the shape of a huge lump. This set me wondering where the extra portion of my features came from. Can you enlighten me?"—

There doesn't seem to be very much difficulty about the problem, MYSTIFIED. Unless you carried away a portion of the lamppost embedded in your forehead, I should say that the swelling you refer to was merely the result of your having ruptured certain small blood vessels and connective tissue. This naturally makes an obstruction

and causes the blood and other fluid to collect in the spot.

It is far more difficult to explain the curious colour which bruises assume when fading away. Even the most clever doctors cannot satisfactorily account for the delicate shades of olive green and yellow which surround a vanishing "black" eye. In all probability they have something to do with the action of light, because they do not seem to occur when a patient is kept in the dark.

Talking of bruises, I remember an old actor telling me a good story about an accident which once occurred to Toole. While running across the stage the famous comedian tripped and knocked his head with stunning force against a wooden pillar. The results, of course, were much the same as those which ensued from your unfortunate introduction to the lamppost. Toole sat still and sent off someone for a wet bandage. As soon as the latter article arrived he got up and tied it gently and carefully round the pillar. Then, amidst roars of laughter from the audience, he coolly continued the play.

STRICTLY speaking, KENNEL, a hound is a dog which hunts only by scent. In this category come the bloodhound, foxhound, stag-hound, the basethound (a short-legged dog used in unearthing foxes and badgers), the beagle, and the harrier. The greyhound and deerhound run by sight alone, and are not hounds in the correct acceptance of the term.

HERE is a curious story about a Newfoundland sent me by J. M. J. "For about six months past," says my correspondent, "this dog has been going, and is still going, every day between seven and eight in the evening as though to meet someone in the garden. So far as we can see there is nothing there, but he immediately begins to attack something savagely, and then howls piteously as though in fear. At other times he is quite normal and in excellent health. A friend of mine, interested in spiritualism, says that the dog is following a spirit visible to him, but invisible to us. I do not accept that theory, but what say you?"—

I say, J. M. J., that it is a matter on which both your friend's opinion and mine are equally valueless. Neither of us, unfortunately, can see what is in the dog's mind. It is quite possible he may perceive something invisible to us; but, on the other hand, he may merely be suffering from some form of recurring delusion.

I had a dog five or six years ago who was addicted to the habit of chasing imaginary butterflies. He would follow them through the air, jumping up every now and then and snapping viciously in a vain attempt to catch one. He was quite a nice dog apart from that; but the habit got on my nerves, so that I parted with him to a friend, who seemed to regard it as an additional attraction.

I had a letter from this friend quite recently, in which he said: "Spot still pursues butterflies, but I've never seen him catch one yet." I sometimes wonder what will happen if he does.

Fresh Air Fund Figures.

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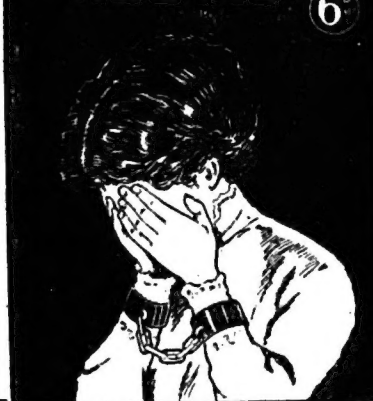
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The Purchase of this Publication is admitted to be the payment of a Premium under Sect. 33 of the Act. A Print of the Act can be seen at the office of this Journal, or of the said Corporation. No person can recover on more than one Coupon Insurance Ticket of this paper in respect of the same risk.

Subscribers who have duly paid a twelve-months' subscription for PEARSON'S WEEKLY in advance to their newsagent, or to the Publisher, need not, during the period covered by their subscription, sign the coupon, or carry the paper on their person. It is only necessary to forward the newsagent's receipt to the publisher of the paper, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and a certificate will be sent in exchange.

Signature.....
Available from 9 a.m. Thursday, May 26th, 1910,
until midnight, Friday, June 3rd, 1910.

COMING HOLIDAYS, 1910-11.	MAY.	JUNE.	JULY.	AUGUST.	SEPTEMBER.	Lighting Up Time for this Week.
Bank Holiday . August 1.	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	M 3 10 17 24 31	M 7 14 21 28	M 4 11 18 25	May 27 ... 8.59
Christmas Day December 25.	M 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 4 11 18 25	M 1 8 15 22 29	M 5 12 19 26	" 28 ... 9.0
Boxing Day . December 26.	T 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 5 12 19 26	T 2 9 16 23 30	T 6 13 20 27	" 29 ... 9.1
Good Friday . April 14.	W 4 11 18 25	W 8 15 22 29	W 6 13 20 27	W 3 10 17 24 31	W 7 14 21 28	" 30 ... 9.2
Easter Monday . April 17.	T 5 12 19 26	T 9 16 23 30	T 7 14 21 28	T 4 11 18 25	T 1 8 15 22 29	" 31 ... 9.3
Whitsun Monday . June 5.	F 6 13 20 27	F 3 10 17 24	F 1 8 15 22 29	F 5 12 19 26	F 2 9 16 23 30	June 1 ... 9.4
	S 7 14 21 28	S 4 11 18 25	S 2 9 16 23 30	S 6 13 20 27	S 3 10 17 24	" 2 ... 9.5

It is good for children to indulge their liking
for a wholesome table dainty like

BIRD'S CUSTARD

It is one of the Sweets that
never cloy, and besides being
exquisitely refreshing, is highly
commended for its
food value.



**The Original
&
only Genuine**

**RUGS
GIVEN
AWAY.**

New
Designs.
Beware
of
Imitations.



Patronised by H.M. the QUEEN OF SWITZERLAND
GUARANTEED GENUINE BARGAIN
THIS PHENOMENAL OFFER is made to the
Pearson's Weekly, 2/6/10. On receipt of P.O.
we will forward DIRECT FROM OUR LOOM
your address one of our PRUDENTIAL REAL
WOVEN REVERSIBLE HALF-GUINEA

**BRUSSELETTE
CARPET**

suitable for Drawing Room, Dining Room,
Hall, and all other rooms, in Turkey
patterns and fashionable
Crimson, Green, Blue, and Art Colours,
all requirements, and LARGE
COVER ANY ORDINARY-SIZED ROOM.
Carpet, with **FREE RUG**
sent out as
Carpet, thus showing the identical
supply in all sizes. They are made
equal to wool, and, being a special
can only be obtained direct from
thus saving the purchaser all
OVER 400,000 SOLD
PAST TWELVE MONTHS
willingly returned if not
Thousands of Repeat Orders
solicited Testimonials received

GIVEN AWAY! GIVEN AWAY!

With every Carpet
ABSOLUTELY
a very handsome
match, or we will
TWO CARPETS
TWO RUGS

Repeat Orders
from the
Royal Palace, St.

TESTIMONIALS.

1 Tyme View Villas, St. Helens, Isle of Wight.
Lady Ida Lowe begs to say that she is so much
pleased with the two Carpets they sent her a week ago
that she begs them to send her to the above address
two more similar Carpets.

Stream Cottage, W. Farm.
The Duchess of Fins writes that
F. Hodgson & Sons for sending
Brussette Carpet and Rug, and
for the Blanket and Towel Bale as advertised.

SALE PRICE

6/11

each.

Carriage
6d.
extra.

F. HODGSON & SONS, CITY OF LEEDS
offering this week 10 bales of Large Axminster
Pile Hearthrugs. Very heavy (weight 6lbs
make. Size, fully six feet long by three feet
the very choicest of Turkey colours and designs
6/11 each—any colour wanted sent—bargain.

**SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR MONEY
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Galaxy Illustrated Bargain Catalogues of Carpets, Hearthrugs, Embroidered Linen and Cotton
Bedsprings, Quilts, Table Linens, Bedsteads, Overmantels, Linoleums, Blankets, Curtains, &c.
Post Free, if, when writing, you mention *Pearson's Weekly*, 2/6/10. Address:
F. HODGSON & SONS (Dept. P.W.), Manufacturers, Importers, and Merchants, **WOODSLEY RD., LEEDS**

'TIS TOLD BY THE TASTE.

Judges of good cocoa have learned to distinguish "FRY'S PURE CONCENTRATED"
from all others by reason of its UNEQUALLED FLAVOUR, AROMA, and
DIGESTIBILITY, a few sips being sufficient to proclaim its superiority.

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**PURE
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Cocoa

**The Original Firm
Established 1728.**

The first two meals of the day are the most important because the food then eaten dissolves to nourish the
of the body ere the day's work is done. Therefore at breakfast and at mid-day, the intake of some concentrated nourishing food
imperative. Cocoa is pre-eminently such a substance. As a drink it is refreshing, stimulating, comforting; as a food
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infusions, they do not nourish, but only stimulate for a brief period. When trying Cocoa, try the one which tops the Home
List, and was introduced by the oldest house in the trade.

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